

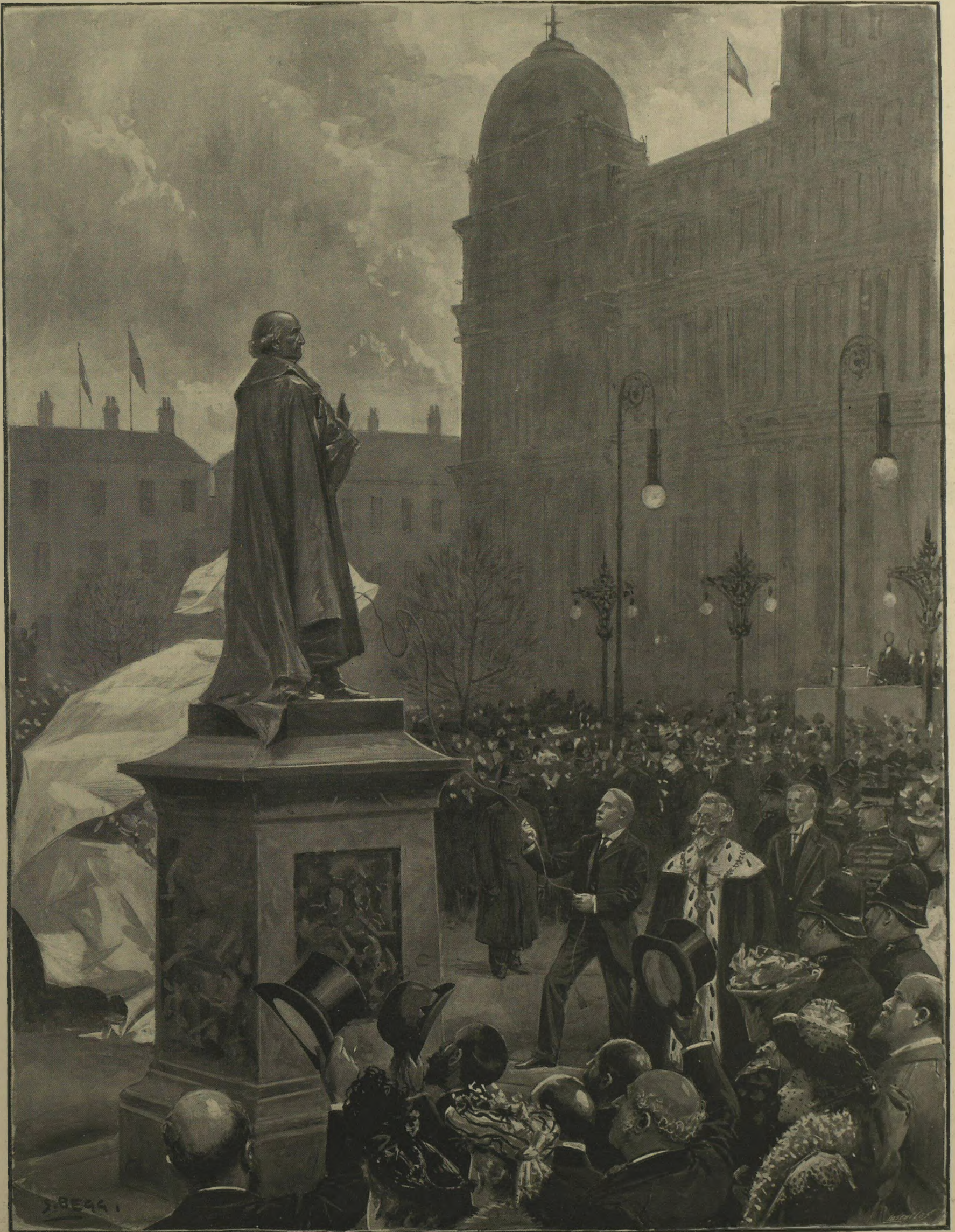
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



Lord Rosebery. — Lord Provost Chisholm.

LORD ROSEBERY UNVEILING THE MEMORIAL STATUE OF GLADSTONE IN GEORGE SQUARE, GLASGOW, OCTOBER 11.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM SKETCHES BY W. A. DONNELLY, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN GLASGOW.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

In every man's memory is a little pantheon, where are enshrined not the famous persons of history and literature, but the people who have done well-remembered acts of courtesy and then passed out of his life. Are you not often reminded of some stranger who did you a good turn years ago? Probably he has forgotten you utterly, but a chance association brings his face suddenly before you, and you pay him the simple tribute of a moment's kindly thought. You like to believe that, if in some remote part of the globe he has a happy inspiration, and wonders whence it springs, it is because your friendly remembrance has sent him a speechless message. Well, in my little pantheon are agreeable memories of the strangers who have busied themselves with the adventures of my valise. First comes the station-master at Calais, who was good enough to telegraph that the missing treasure had probably gone to Paris; then two gracious officials of the P.L.M. Railway there, who were sure that it had been sent on to Aix-les-Bains; then the officials at Brindisi, who discovered the poor, lonely thing, with no British officer to claim it, and asked the station-master at Aix if, perchance, he knew the owner; lastly, that most courteous of *chefs de gare*, who abstracted himself from his duties day and night to hasten the return of the wanderer to my yearning bosom, a bosom much in need of linen. To all these benefactors I tender the homage of a grateful esteem. It is flattering indeed that my vagrant property should have caused so much commotion, and that Paris should have had a vision of it when it was actually at Brindisi.

In a recent novel there is an American millionaire who travels about Europe with his baggage full of "splendid trifles in gold, silver, and bronze, and rare pieces of china," with which he decorates the "hired apartments" at hotels. I wonder how he passed these luxuries through the various custom-houses! When he said that his jewelled vases were intended to shed a transient glory on hotel mantelpieces, did the *douaniers* suspect him of being a traveller in Birmingham goods? I do not envy him, for he has no pantheon full of disinterested strangers. My valise careered through France and Italy and was not opened, although I sent the key a considerable journey to a frontier station. Honourable poverty, you see, has its distinctions. At Aix I was a hero of adventure. Bets, I surmise, were laid on the chance that my baggage would turn up within a week or that it would not turn up at all. Nobody, I am sure, offered odds on the chance that it had no existence. Now, had I arrived with a flourish of riches, and dismantled a whole suite of apartments to make room for my splendid trifles in gold and what not, would my host have forgiven me for wounding his æsthetic sense? It is a proper custom in hotels to fine the visitor who is so distrustful of strange wine-lists that he carries his own vintages. Some day we may read among the hotel notices this spirited warning: "The proprietor begs to state that he has furnished his house with a liberal regard for the arts, and that American millionaires who cannot perform their ablutions save in their own gold jugs and basins must pay five pounds a day for displacing the excellent bed-room ware already provided."

I have never seen Aix in the season, when it is so thronged with visitors and ailments that the attendants at the baths begin their day's work at three in the morning. But it is a delicious spot even in these October days, when the hotels are nearly all closed and the gaities have flickered out. I sat one afternoon in the concert-room of the principal casino, where thirty people listened to the orchestra. Hard by yawned the unoccupied croupiers of baccarat and *petits chevaux*. Even those misleading steeds seemed to share the general sense of autumnal peace. There is no roulette at Aix, and no raucous voice cries, "Faites vos jeux, Messieurs!" as a reproach to listlessness. It is a virtuous casino, carried on by a corporation which asks for no dividends, but spends its profits on the embellishment of the town. When you lose your money to the bank, you do not go out and accuse the vices of mankind to the stars, as one is apt to do at Monte Carlo. You think of the costly plants which your departed funds will add to the casino gardens; of the fountains and public monuments which may owe their being to your somewhat devious liberality.

This valuable lesson I did not put into practice, because, as I have remarked, the *petits chevaux* were resting that afternoon; but it was good to sit in the gardens and muse upon public spirit. I remembered a fragment of an election address I had seen on a wall. The author had described himself in the largest capitals as "Enfant Du Pays." Not, perhaps, a very original touch; it is common on French walls at election time. But this child of the country had particular reason to be proud of his birth. Was he not cradled where baccarat poured the bounty of high-minded punters into the lap of municipal virtue? Drowsiness in the sunshine overcame me, and I dreamed that I planted the ace of spades in those gardens, and it grew into a lily, tall, and of a

dazzling whiteness. Then I awoke, and contemplated anew the horticultural charms that encompass the smaller casino, the Villa des Fleurs, and was suddenly reminded that an American lady at my hotel had an adventure there. She and another lady thought it would be pleasant to dine at the Villa des Fleurs; but when they arrived at the door, an American gentleman, a perfect stranger to both, intervened, and said, "No, ladies; this is not the place for you. It is at the other casino you must dine."

There is a sparkling complacency about Aix, a bubbling satisfaction, most becoming to a place which gives new life and vigour to the lame and the halt. At your hotel you will hear tales of invalids who had to be carried on their arrival—limp, helpless, and despondent. After passing through the treatment of the douche and the massage, they walked once more with a manly port, the pride of doctors and the joy of relations. I believe it implicitly. The very aspect of Aix is curative; the little town wears a confident smile, which says, "Ah, yes; you are very bad; but wait till you have been douched and pounded, and you will find yourself another man!" Some health-resorts seem to catch the gloom of hypochondriasm, and have the air of saying, "Heaven knows why you were sent here; but now you have come we will do the best we can for you." At Aix, everything makes for optimism, even when the gay throngs of the casino have melted away. Water flows in the streets with a profusion that will startle a shareholder in a London water company. The town is itself a perpetual bath, and performs its toilette all day with cool and captivating freshness. If you need society, there is not a hotel dog that will not take you for a walk, gossiping with other dogs on the way, and telling them you are a stranger of whom a good deal can be made with a little cheerful company. It is vintage time, and on every road you meet bullock-wagons laden with great tubs full of purple grapes. Returning from a drive along the lake shore, I passed an overturned cart. Masses of crushed grapes had made a stream of red juice, which ran down the hill, to the delight of the villagers, who congratulated the owner on the quality of his liquor. No accident in this favoured land seems to come amiss.

I left Aix at seven in the morning by the Paris express for Italy. Passing Chambéry, we climbed the long ascent to the Mont Cenis tunnel through the morning clouds that curled on the mountain slopes. Snow had fallen, and speculation as to what was snow and what was cloud stimulated curiosity in a delightful journey. Moreover, there was a remarkably keen appetite for the traveller who had drunk his early coffee at six o'clock. In my compartment was a venerable ecclesiastic, with his sister and a black cat. They had come from Brittany, and were on their way to Rome, a pilgrimage they made once a year, never without the black cat, which had a grave and reverend air, as of a privileged puss who regularly paid her respects to the Pope. She travelled in a basket, and when I narrated the adventures of my valise, and innocently asked what my auditors would have said if the cat in the basket had gone astray between Paris and Brindisi, I thought they would have fainted. A cat that had seen the Pope to be lost among *douaniers*, certainly callous, and possibly infidels! The very idea was sacrilege. Besides, no *douanier*, however kindly, could have fed that remarkable animal. He would have naturally offered her milk, and milk on the railway she would not take except from a feeding-bottle.

Presently came the welcome intimation that *déjeuner* was served in the restaurant-car, and thither I repaired with the venerable monseigneur, his sister, and the black cat. Instantly there was a commotion. The conductor of the car objected to the presence of the cat, even in her basket, as contrary to the regulations. But what are regulations to a resolute woman and a cat in the confidence of the Holy Father? We sat down to table with the cat underneath, and when a peculiarly happy smile stole over the face of monseigneur's sister, I knew that she was furtively slipping dainty bits of meat through an aperture in the wicker-work. What a meal it was! Never in the hours of travel have I eaten with such relish. And the "superior Italian wine" at fifteenpence the bottle! "Superior" is a word which rouses suspicion when you see it on a wine-list; but this wine was so excellent that I believe the Sleeping Car Company supply it with no mere commercial motive, but out of pure benevolence. What can a commercial motive make out of fifteenpence a bottle? For one horrid moment I was gripped by misfortune. Diligent search of all my pockets disclosed no tobacco. I entreated the conductor, and he shook his head. No cigars in that blessed car. Then a heavenly radiance spread itself over the features of monseigneur, and he produced a packet of cigarettes. I did not ask his blessing, but gave him mine. Moreover, I set up a statue of him there and then in that little pantheon of which I spoke just now; and never shall I smoke a cigarette again without thinking of him gratefully, and hoping that the black cat is the spoilt pet of the College of Cardinals.

THE RESUMPTION OF RELATIONS.

Some short time ago I set down in these columns a plain tale of Father William, relating how we who had been friends became enemies, and scowled as we passed each other by. Now I have another and a happier story to tell, for when I go down the road the ancient man smiles as in days of old, and asks me to step inside and rest, though between his parlour and my own less than a hundred paces intervene. His walking-stick no longer suggests a sword, but a pruning-hook; his shawl is no longer a danger-signal, but a beacon of welcome; his garden is no more a preserved place, but lies open to my every want. Small wonder that the larks are so loud in their song, that the swallows linger beyond their accustomed time, that the yellow Gloire de Dijon and the purple passion-flower shine in unusual splendour over my porch:—the great feud is ended, diplomatic relations are resumed, and Nature smiles congratulations.

Strangers to Maychester rented my little place in the holiday months while I waged war with grouse and black-game or hunted for roe-deer in the far north of this island, and it is to my tenants that I owe the story of Father William's progress. On the first day of their sojourn they passed his door, and seeing him busy with the Gospel of St. John—which, as is his wont, he held upside down—they asked him how he fared.

"Very sadly, thank ye," he replied; "I do so catch me breath these days, an' nothin' a little warm to see me through ut. 'Im what lives where you be, used to gie me a little drop o' sperrit, an' 'it eased me wunnerful."

Forthwith my tenants fetched him the whisky required for such a sad case, and Father William took a fresh lease of life and sold the family some vegetables.

"'E allus took 'is vegebles o' me," he remarked, "an' pidge me wunnerful well."

Later in the day the aged man marched up the road with two pails, and filled them at my pump. "'E live 'ere," he remarked to the startled tenants, "on condition I 'as all th' water f'r me cottage." The water question was a lasting mystery to my tenants, for the veteran does little cooking and no washing; but he came two or three times a day with his pails, possibly because he feared his rights would lapse if he ceased to exercise them.

A week after I had left Maychester, Father William was rather worse than usual. His morning gift of whisky no longer served to warm him. "It's the wittles," he remarked to his new neighbours. "When 'im what lives there be there, 'e sends me dinner reg'lar, an' I miss it wunnerful. I can't champ no tough wittles, an' that 's a fact." Thereafter the man of many years received a hot meal at midday, and that, with the nip of whisky between ten and eleven in the morning, sufficed him for a further week or ten days, when, like Alexander, he sighed for fresh worlds to conquer. He robed himself in the red shawl and walked up and down the road, obviously in great distress. "I'm wunnerful weak," he explained, "an' when I'm like that o' th' afternoon 'e used to gie me a little baccy, an' it did me good. I ain't 'ad no baccy since 'e left, an' I misses it o' times suttin' wunnerful." Needless to say, this little want was satisfied as the others had been, and Father William was loud in his thanks.

Now, some of the Maychester tradesmen are Father William's friends, and others are not, and it speedily occurred to the worthy veteran that he ought to do what he could to elevate those he esteemed and humble the pride of the others. So he attacked the grocer's character over his morning whisky.

"Ah," he began; "I see that man Blades a-comin' to ye, an' it ain't no business o' mine, but 'e 's a rum 'un, an' no mistake, an' so was 'is father before 'im. That 's 'is uncle that was took f'r poachin' only nine or ten years ago, an' I 've seed 'is father drunk wi' me very eyes, an' I dessay 'e 's no better. I deals wi' Shaw myself; 'e 's a wunnerful right-forward man, same as me, an' I 'll tell 'im to call if ye like." My tenant remarked that he had no complaints to make about the grocer and desired no change.

"W'en I tell 'im what lives there," retorted the aged man frigidly, "anything about things, 'e up an' says, 'Thank 'ee, Father Willum, I 'll make a note on it.' I'm a right-forward man to 'e, an' all th' world knows it, an' I 've done my duty by ye, while 'e 's gone, as ye 'll not deny." So saying, he reached for the Gospel of St. John, spread it before him, and muttered several things that are certainly not in the Authorised Version.

From that day Father William looked askance at the visitors, and took their whisky, dinners, and tobacco with brief acknowledgments and the air of one who realises how, by his acceptance of charity, he enables others to perform a righteous act. I think his failure galled him.

August passed, September followed it, and with early October my tenants departed and I returned. Remembering my new bicycle and the broken glass, I dismounted before I reached the aged man's door. He was on the watch.

"I'm wunnerful glad to see ye back," he cried. "Lor', now, th' place ain't th' same without ye, as I was a-sayin' to th' shepherd only th' other night."

I said civilly that I was glad to be back, and hoped he was well.

"I'm wery sadly, thank ye," he replied; "but, lor, I'm in the nineties, an' I mustn't compline. Them's rum folk ye 've 'ad up th' 'ouse, if ye 'll excuse me sayin' it. 'Tain't no business o' mine—but there, when ye went away, I said I 'd got to look arter ye, just as if ye was 'ere. I told 'em things to do, but they would goo their own silly way, so I let 'un bide. Ye 'll find they 've left th' garden in a nice mess, an' they seemed wunnerful fond o' whisky to my thinkin'; leastways there was allers a wunnerful lot o' it about th' 'ouse."

"'E didn't seem much o' a shot," continued the grateful one, hobbling up to my gate later in the day; "brought 'ome wery few birds. I'm 'opin' ye 'll begin to shoot 'un in earnest now. Last th' squire's shepherd to drive as many as 'e could on to y'r land, and I'm sure 'e will, f'r 'e 's a wunnerful 'bligin' man 's th' shepherd! An' I 've some wery fine vegebles, an' ye can 'ave what ye like o' them, depend on it. Lor, I'm that glad to see ye back; I can't abide strangers, an' never could."

ART NOTES.

The westward trend which affects so many phases of London life finds its illustration in the sites of picture shows. The Bond Street region has long since replaced the Leicester Square region of a century ago; the Royal Academy has migrated from the Strand to Piccadilly; and now the critic receives cards for exhibitions held as far afield as Melbury Road, Kensington, and Prince's Terrace, Bayswater. Little collections of works by Mr. Byam Shaw and Mrs. de Morgan are at Leighton House; and at Bayswater, Messrs. Baillie and Bonner's gallery contains a number of canvases from New Zealand (which country has still to find its artistic reputation), together with a series of agreeably original water-colours by Mr. W. Freemantle-Gaunt, and some of the excellent jewellery-work of Mr. Edgar Simpson.

English designers are eligible for entry in a competition to which the municipality of Venice has attached a prize of 3000 lire. What is wanted is a design for the medal that will be awarded to successful exhibitors at the International Art Exhibition planned in Venice for next year.

The Royal Society of British Artists has added to its roll of members the following names: T. A. Falcon, B. J. Haughton, W. J. Laidlay, and A. M. Talmage. The last on the list is a name which has attracted a good deal of notice as the signature on canvases exhibited at the Royal Academy, representing the out-of-door effects which we owe to members of the Cornish school.

Somebody has said (was it Mr. Whistler?) that to paint a picture is easy enough—to frame it is the real difficulty. If the saying were that the struggling artist finds it harder to pay his framemaker's bill than his colourman's, nobody need gainsay it. A penny pencil has often produced a drawing which has been expensively framed. Indeed, all round, the importance of the framing is admittedly so great that the gentleman who declared that he had forty pictures in the Academy, and who afterwards explained that he meant forty frames, was not really so utterly a creature of farce as might at first blush be supposed. The dead-level rule of the gold frame at Academy exhibitions has therefore been the subject of many heartburnings from the artist's point of view; and the great freedom allowed by some of the side-shows has been considered an advantage. Now, however, the New English Art Club is finding it necessary to restrict the freedom permitted to the individualist in frames. The question of space is understood to have in part necessitated this edict against the black and the metal frame—themselves almost developed into expensive articles of decorative furniture. The little irony (which lurks round most corners) may be found in the fact that the headquarters of official conventionalism, Burlington House itself, did last year so far relax its rule as to hang a black frame sent by Mr. Seymour Lucas; and if only this thin edge of the wedge is further driven in, we may have the edifying spectacle of an extension of liberty at the Academy answering to the curtailment of it on the other side of Piccadilly.

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London, October 1902.

SAM FAY, General Manager.

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AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMINED BRILLIANCE.

THE GREAT AMERICAN COAL STRIKE: THE EFFECT ON BRITISH TRADE.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CARDIFF.



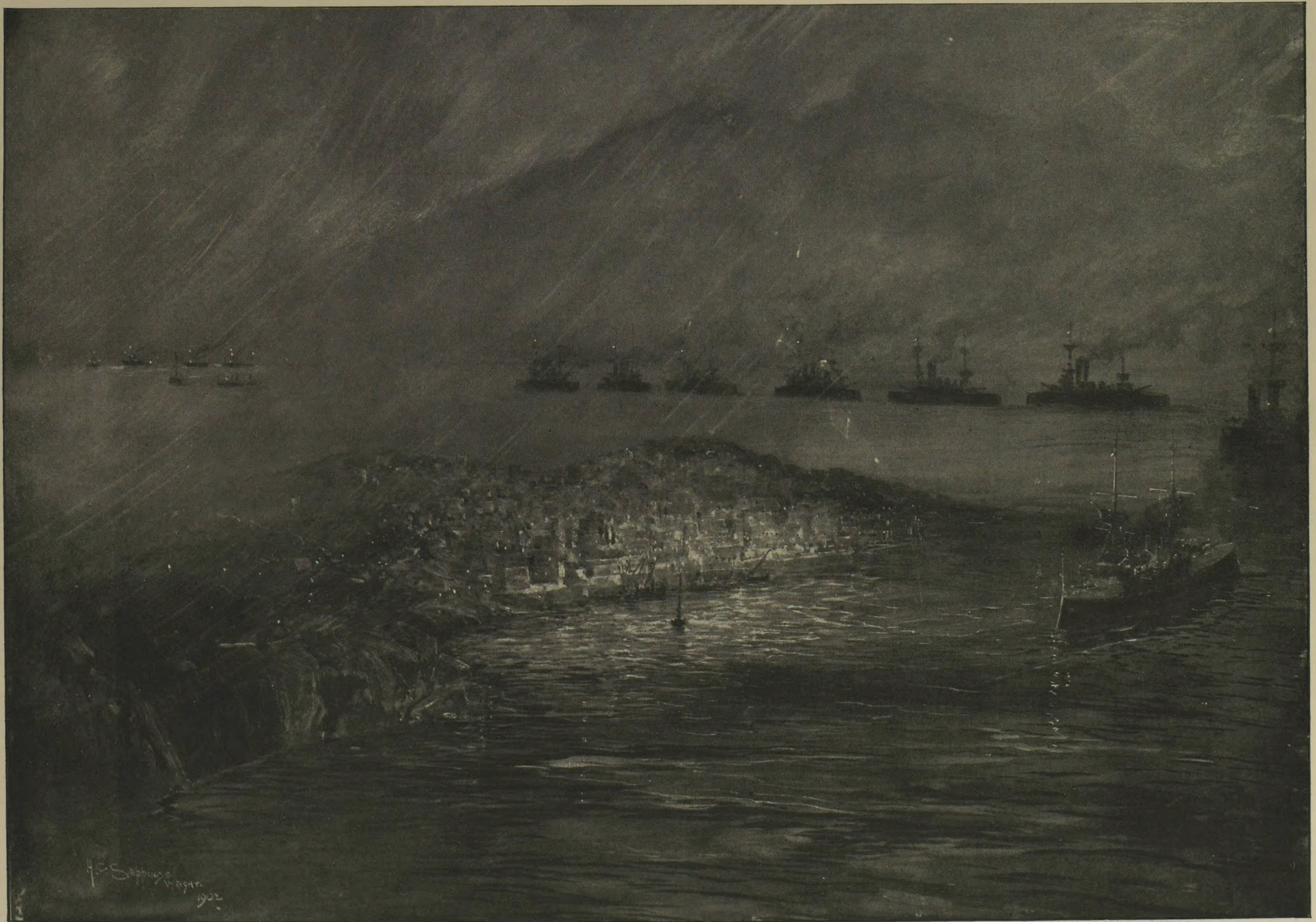
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, OCT. 18, 1902.—562

ACTIVITY AT CARDIFF DOCKS: STEAMERS LOADING WELSH COAL FOR SHIPMENT TO NEW YORK AND LOSTON

No fewer than twenty-five steamers have been loaded simultaneously at Cardiff with Welsh coal to supply the American market, for which it is estimated that fully 200,000 tons have been purchased. President Roosevelt's midnight conference with Mr. Morgan resulted in an offer to appoint a commission of arbitration, and this, it is believed, the miners will accept.

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG'S BRILLIANT NAVAL MANŒUVRE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM SKETCHES SUPPLIED BY A CORRESPONDENT FROM MALTA.



"X" SQUADRON, WITH LIGHTS BURNING, BREAKING OUT OF ARGOSTOLI AT 9 P.M. ON OCTOBER 4.

Captain Prince Louis of Battenberg, of H.M.S. "Implacable," was in temporary command of "X" Squadron, owing to the death of Rear-Admiral Bridges-Watson. During the recent manœuvres "X" Squadron, consisting of eight battle-ships and six cruisers, was supposed to be blockaded by "A" and "B" Fleets in Argostoli, on the west coast of Cephalonia. Although the enemy kept the strictest watch, and were believed to have spies on shore, Prince Louis planned and effected his escape. He posted complete instructions on the lower decks of his vessels, enjoined the strictest secrecy, and during the day behaved as though no preparations were in progress, going ashore to shoot or visit. On the night of the escape, wireless messages were blocked, rockets and searchlights could hardly be seen two miles off, and although by the rules of the game Prince Louis's ships had to burn their lights, they evaded "A" and "B" Fleets successfully. It was a brilliant feat, and is considered a feather in the Prince's cap.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE KING'S RETURN FROM SCOTLAND.

The King brought his Scottish visit to a close on Oct. 11 after a stay of two days at North Berwick as the guest of Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar. On Oct. 10 his Majesty proceeded to the golf links, where he had a chat with Bernard Sayers, the well-known professional. The King turned the conversation upon the recent visit which the Grand Duke Michael of Russia had paid to North Berwick links, and made minute inquiries as to what sort of player the Grand Duke Michael was. Sayers assured his Majesty that the Grand Duke was a keen and enthusiastic golfer. The King then called on Mr. Balfour at Whittingehame, and went on to Tynninghame, the seat of the Earl of Haddington, where he had tea and planted a memorial oak. Lord Haddington presented his Majesty with a full-size silver spade, and the King shovelled in the earth in a workmanlike manner, expressing hearty good wishes for the tree's growth. A similar ceremony, which we illustrate, was performed in the Market Square at North Berwick in the presence of Provost Macintyre, the Town Council, and a large concourse of the general public. His Majesty left North Berwick on the morning of the following day, and reached King's Cross shortly before six in the evening, driving direct to Buckingham Palace.

THE GLADSTONE STATUE AT GLASGOW.

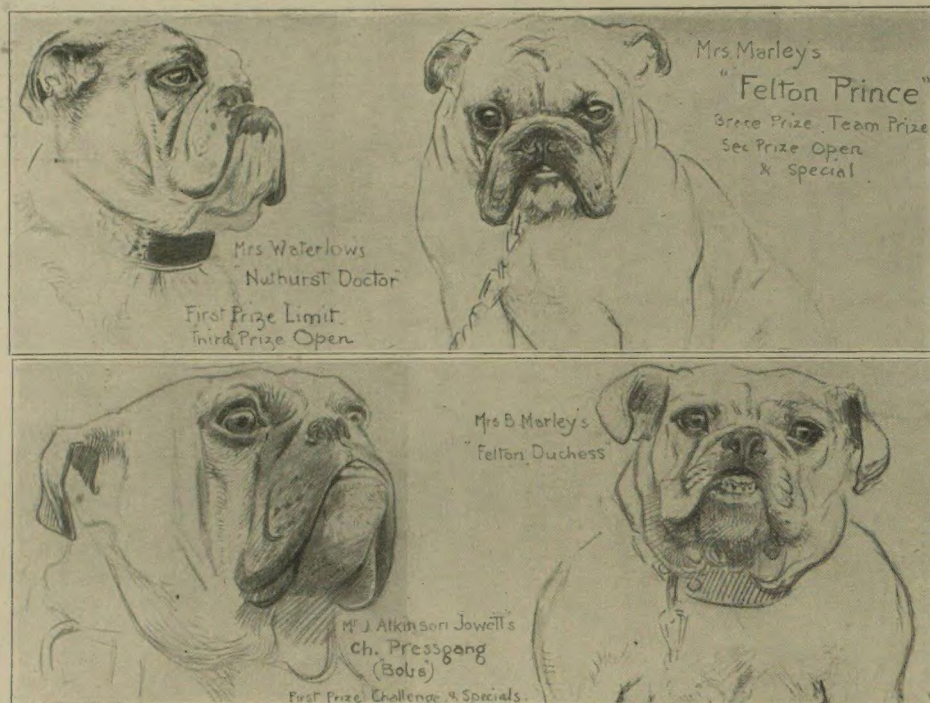
On the afternoon of Oct. 11 Lord Rosebery unveiled in George Square, Glasgow, a statue of Mr. Gladstone, which has been erected by public subscription. The work, which has been executed by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., is in bronze, and represents the statesman in his robes as Lord Rector of Glasgow University. On the pedestal are two bronze panels, one representing Mr. Gladstone addressing the House of Commons and the other showing him in Hawarden grounds leaning on his axe. Beside him are Mrs. Gladstone, Mrs. Drew, and Miss Dorothy Drew. £3500 of the £4100 collected has been expended upon the Gladstone Memorial. In the presence of about fifteen thousand spectators, Lord Rosebery pronounced a long and eloquent eulogy of the departed Liberal leader. He recalled a famous day in 1879 when Mr. Gladstone delivered his rectorial address to the Glasgow students at noon, a long political speech in St. Andrew's Hall in the evening, and an impromptu discourse on receiving an address from the Corporation at ten o'clock at night. In Lord Rosebery's opinion, we do not have such meetings now, teeming, delirious, absorbed. Mr. Gladstone, he said, might have been great in any walk of life, except, perhaps, the military. As a churchman he would have towered above all the moderns; as a professor, could a university have been found big enough to hold him, he would have been pre-eminent; as a bookman he would have grappled with whole libraries and wrestled with academies. Towards politics, perhaps, his natural bent did not lie, but politics claimed him, although they could never thoroughly absorb him. For exquisite urbanity and courage he was unrivalled. History had not yet allotted him his definite place, but no one would deny that he bequeathed a record of lofty ambition for the public good. Lord Rosebery, accompanied by Lord Provost Chisholm, then left the rostrum, and formally unveiled the statue. In reply to a vote of thanks, his Lordship excused his brevity on the plea that no words of his could do justice to the subject and no eloquence could vie with the Glasgow tramways. He had been struggling to make himself heard above their more rousing accents, but he had lost his voice in the attempt.

THE BORGHESE PALACE.

Some time ago, the famous Borghese collection of art treasures came under the hammer through the financial distress of the Borghese family. That unfortunate house has now been obliged to sell the Villa itself with the splendid park adjoining. Negotiations for purchase were opened by the Government with the creditors, who considered the sum originally offered inadequate. King Victor Emmanuel then subscribed from his private purse £12,000, which enabled the Government to offer a total sum of £120,000. The offer has been accepted, and the treasure-house and its grounds will become the public property of the Romans. The Borghese Park will, indeed, be the only institution of the kind in Rome.

THE DOVER HARBOUR WORKS.

Wonderful progress has been made in the execution of the new scheme for an Admiralty Harbour at Dover, and the Eastern Arm works are now approaching completion. The scheme embraces a foreshore with sea-wall a mile in length, and two great eastern and western arms, between which is to be built a breakwater, the ingress and egress for vessels being situated between the two extremities of the arms of the breakwater. The general appearance of the works when completed is admirably shown in our central illustration. There is some talk, however, of a great station being erected near the Western Arm, and under the roof of this it is proposed to bring the steamers, so that passengers may disembark and entrain in perfect independence of weather. The



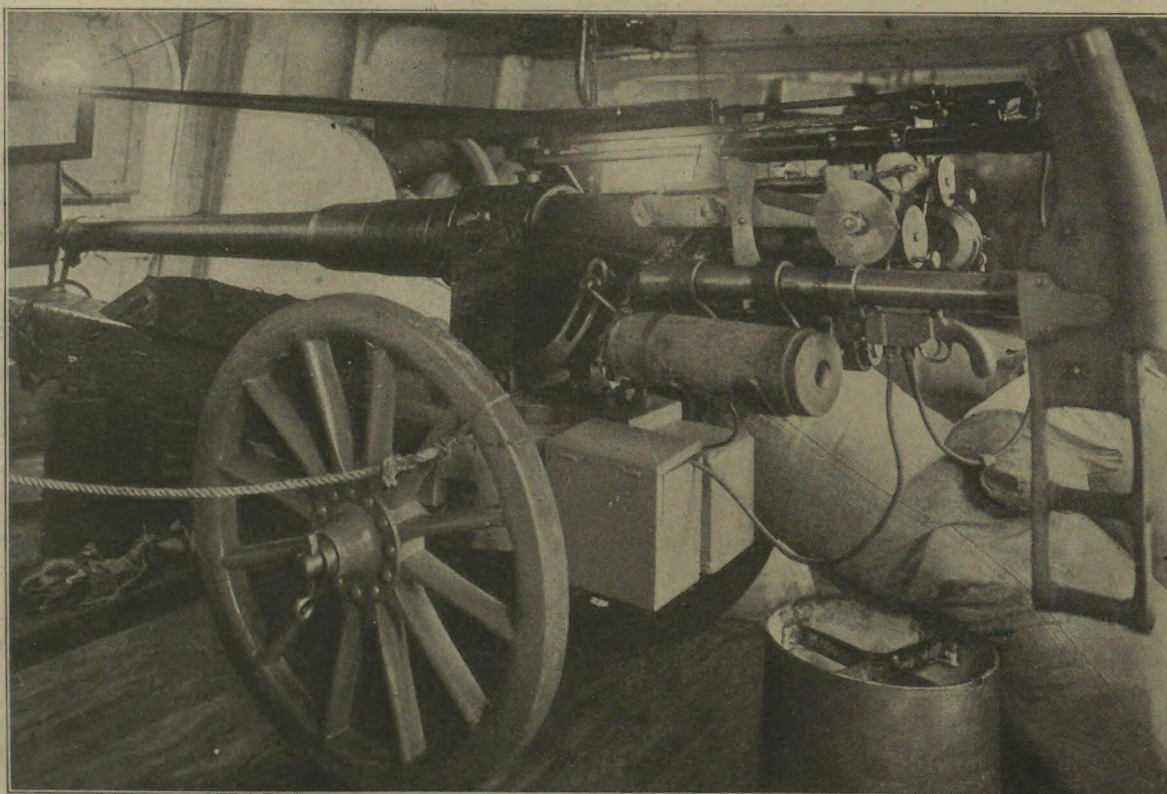
PRIZE BULL-DOGS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE SHOW, OCTOBER 14, 15, 16.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.

piers and sea-wall are being built of huge blocks of concrete weighing from thirty to forty tons each. The now completed sea-front forms a fine esplanade, and is faced with granite. Not the least interesting part of the operations is the making of the concrete blocks by an electric mixer, which runs up and down on rails above the huge wooden moulds. When the material has been thoroughly prepared by the travelling mixer, a trapdoor is opened and the concrete is emptied into the mould. The laying of the foundations is performed by divers, and so strong are the currents that the service is of the greatest difficulty and danger.

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S "DOTTER"

Captain Percy Scott's electric "dotter" has proved of great value in teaching the gunners of the *Terrible* to



CAPTAIN PERCY SCOTT'S "DOTTER" MOUNTED ON ONE OF THE 12-POUNDERS USED AT LADYSMITH AND PEKING, WITH THE ORIGINAL EXTEMPORISED CARRIAGE.

suit their aim to the motion of the vessel and to fire at the right moment. A board is erected on a platform built out from the ship's side, near one of the embrasures for a 6-inch gun, and up and down this a card is moved, fast or slow as may be desired, by means of an endless chain and sprocket wheels. The card has three dots, about the size of large peas, one above the other, near the left edge, and to the right of these is drawn a series of parallel lines, two to each spot. A kind of iron fork is attached to the muzzle of the gun, in such a manner that it moves up or down with it. This is electrically connected with the

firing-trigger. When the gunner has his sight aligned on a certain spot, he presses the trigger, and the fork makes a dot between the corresponding pair of parallel lines, the space between them being taken to represent the side of an enemy's ship.

THE BALKAN TROUBLE.

The unrest in Macedonia still continues, and although no definite intervention has been resorted to, the Porte has presented a circular note to the Powers complaining that the supervision of the frontier by the Bulgarian authorities is inadequate. Their laxity renders it possible for the insurgent bands to cross the frontier and for the remnants of them to return again to Bulgaria after their dispersal by the military. The Powers have agreed to act. We this week illustrate the methods of the Bulgarian Frontier Guard, and a minute description of an isolated post will be found beneath the picture.

WILD-FOWL DECOYS.

Though wild-fowl may be taken early in August, it is only about the present season of the year that they appear on our coasts in anything like large numbers. Punt-guns have driven them away from most of the estuaries, and we rely largely upon decoy-ponds for our supplies. There are comparatively few decoys in Great Britain—less than two-score perhaps; but in Holland there are many large ones. Our illustrations give a good idea of the procedure practised on decoy-ponds, which are large round sheets of water, from which "pipes," shaped rather like a cow's horn, run at regular intervals. These pipes are about six or eight feet wide where they leave the pond, and open to the sky; but they soon begin to narrow, and are then netted overhead. A series of screens in *echelon* formation hides the decoy-man from the birds. Decoy ducks are kept on the pond all the year round, and the decoy-man has the services of a trained dog or two. At daybreak the wild-fowl come overland from their feeding-grounds and settle on the water. Needless to say, the place is kept absolutely quiet; no farm labourer is allowed to smoke in the fields around, and when the wind is blowing from the decoy-man's cottage to the pond he may not even roast his meat, so sensitive are these birds to a strange smell. From dawn to dusk the birds are on the pond, mallard and duck in one group, widgeon in another, teal in another; only the decoy-ducks go about everywhere. When the favourable day arrives the decoy-man chooses a pipe down which the wind is blowing. Going behind the screen at the pipe's mouth he throws a handful of grain over it into the water. The decoy-birds hurry forward and eat it, and a few of the strangers join in. Then one of the trained dogs jumps over the screen, shows himself to the wild-fowl, and jumps back again. Next to greed, curiosity is the besetting sin of wild-fowl; the corn excites their greed, the dog rouses their curiosity. They venture up the pipe, led by the decoy-ducks, tempted by the grain and sudden reappearance of the dog. At last they get right under the netting, but, owing to the curious curve of the pipe, they never see the end. When there are as many birds in the pipe as are likely to go, the decoy-man runs back, gets over the screen, and stands visible to the birds in the pipe but invisible to the great bulk that rests at ease on the pond. The trapped fowl rise in wild flight along the pipe, which curves and narrows into the "bag" or purse-net at the end. This net can be closed by one turn of the hand, and the captives are promptly killed. The decoy-ducks return to the pond as soon as the decoy-man shows himself. Sometimes wild-fowl come daily to a decoy-pond in their hundreds, and the decoy-man cannot tempt one of them up the pipe, because the wind does not favour him.

AFFAIRS IN AFRICA.

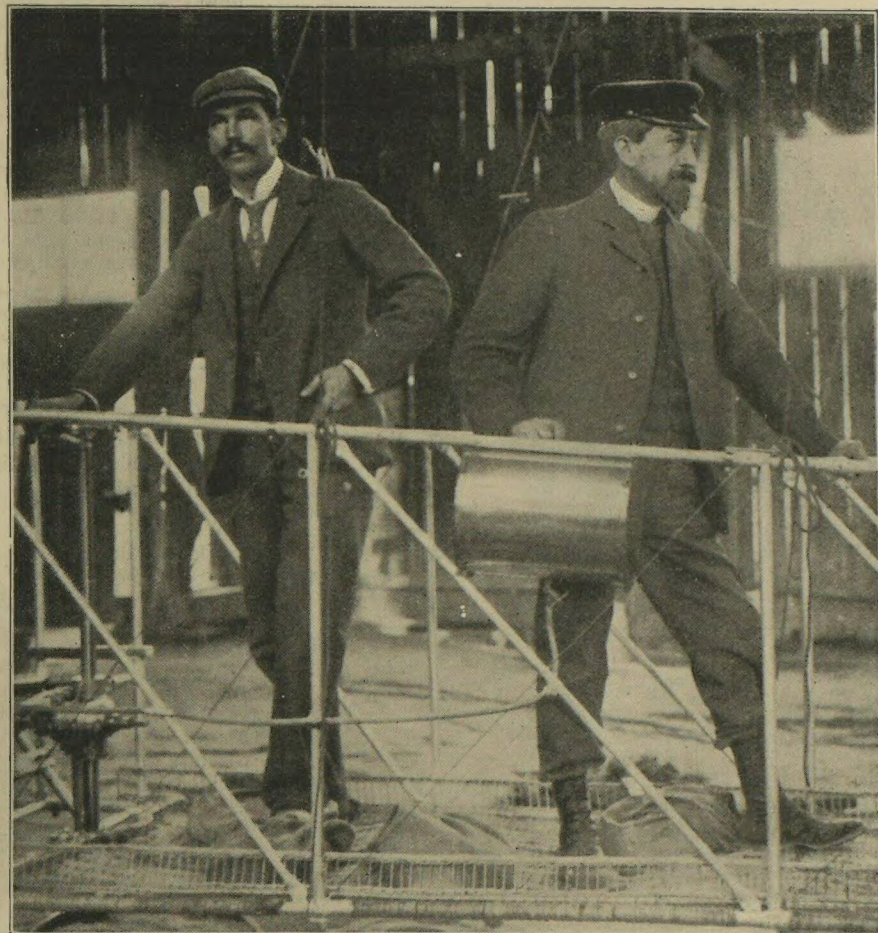
During the present autumn an Anglo-French Commission, deputed to settle the boundary between English and French territory on the Ivory and Gold Coast, disembarked at Axim and proceeded inland. The mission will advance as far as the eleventh parallel of latitude, and is expected to complete its labours and return to England by April of next year. The illustrations which we publish have been taken by a medical officer attached to the expedition, and give evidence of the friendly reception the Englishmen and Frenchmen have met with from the native tribes. A significant proof of the Anglo-French cordiality is found in the picture of Coronation Day at a French post. On Aug. 9, the British flag was hoisted, and the guard gave a general salute. Dr. Forbes was just too late in using his camera, and so missed securing a picture of the troops with their arms at the "present."

Photo. Cribb.



Photo, Bain, New York.

AN EFFECT OF ELECTRIC TRACTION: 2,000,000 DOLLARS' WORTH OF STEAM-LOCOMOTIVES RUSTING AT NEW YORK.



M. Bradsky.

M. Morin.

[Photo, Gribayedoff.]

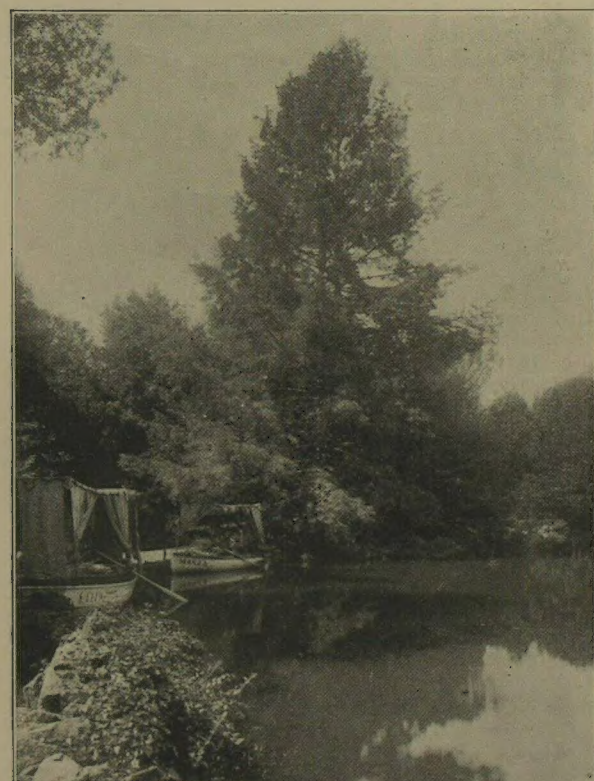
VICTIMS OF THE AIR-SHIP DISASTER NEAR PARIS, OCTOBER 13: THE LATE MM. BRADSKY AND MORIN.—(SEE "PERSONAL.")



THE FOUNTAIN OF ÆSCULAPIUS IN THE GROUNDS.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE VILLA.



THE LAKE IN THE GROUNDS OF THE VILLA.



THE TEMPLE OF ÆSCULAPIUS ON THE LAKE IN THE GROUNDS.

THE PURCHASE OF THE VILLA BORGHESI BY THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT, AIDED BY KING VICTOR EMMANUEL'S PRIVATE SUBSCRIPTION.

PERSONAL.

Mr Balfour's first opportunity of Church patronage in the capacity of Prime Minister has had the excellent result of filling the Deanery of Westminster, made vacant by the resignation of Dr. Bradley, by the appointment of the Rev. Canon Joseph Armitage Robinson. The new Dean is well fitted for his position, both by his social and his scholastic qualities. Educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took the second Chancellor's Medal for classics and the B.A. degree, he was fourth Classic in 1881, received his M.A.

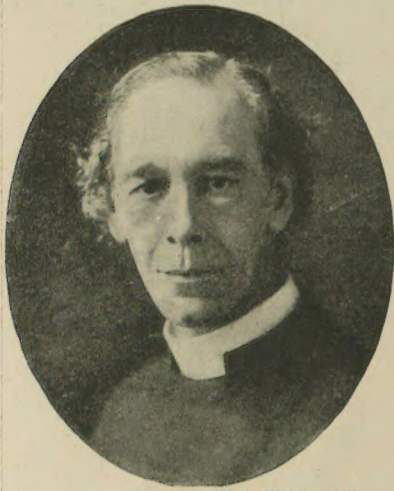


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE REV. CANON J. ARMITAGE ROBINSON,
New Dean of Westminster.

three years later, became B.D. in 1891, and D.D. in 1896. His marked ability has been recognised by the Universities of Göttingen, from which he has received the Hon. Ph.D. degree; and Halle, which granted him the Hon. D. Theol. a year later. Ordained deacon in 1881, and priest in 1882, he was for six years Vicar of All Saints, Cambridge; from 1881 till 1899 Fellow of Christ's College; from 1894 till 1899 Prebendary of Wells Cathedral; from 1893 till 1899 Norrisian Professor of Divinity at Cambridge; and from 1899 to 1900 Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster. In the former year he was appointed Canon of Westminster.

His Excellency Robert Armitage Sterndale, who died recently, had been Governor, Commander-in-Chief, and Chief Justice of St. Helena since 1897. Born on June 30, 1839, he was educated privately and went out to India in 1856. There he volunteered for service during the Mutiny, helping to raise and fighting with a body of horse in the Central Provinces. He was afterwards Lieutenant in the local regiment of Behar Station Guards, 2nd Battalion Bengal Military Police; and in 1859 entered the Central Provinces Commission. Five years later he was appointed to the Financial Department. Retiring from India in 1890, Mr. Sterndale was Acting Governor of St. Helena for six months in 1896. In 1897 he received the Jubilee decoration.

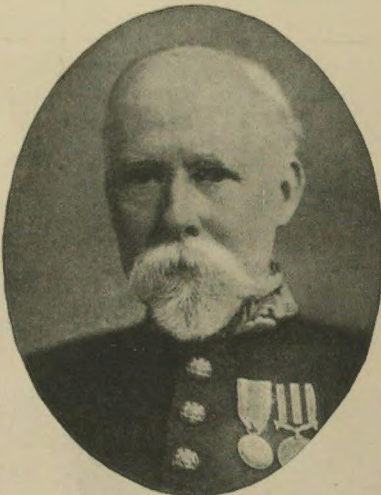


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. R. A. STERNDALE, C.M.G.,
Governor of St. Helena.

It is stated that early in the coming Session the Government intends to bring in a Bill for granting a loan to the Transvaal. The amount would be between thirty and thirty-five millions, and it would be guaranteed by Great Britain.

The military arrangements for the King's visit to the City have been approved by his Majesty. The Prince of Wales will ride beside the royal carriage, at the King's right hand, and the Duke of Connaught on the other side, near the Queen.

The Rev. Henry Charles Beeching, Chaplain to the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn, and Professor of Pastoral and Liturgical Theology at King's College, has been appointed to the canonry at Westminster vacated by the preferment of Canon Robinson. Born on May 15, 1859, Professor Beeching received his education at the City of London School and at Balliol College, Oxford, of which he was a classical exhibitioner. He was ordained in 1882 to the curacy of Mossley Hill Church, Liverpool, and held the position until appointed Rector of Yattendon, Berks, in 1885. He was Select Preacher in the University of Oxford in 1896 and 1897, and in 1900 Clark Lecturer at Trinity College, Cambridge. His publications include a number of volumes of poems, lectures on poetry, sermons, and a series of biographies of leaders of religion.

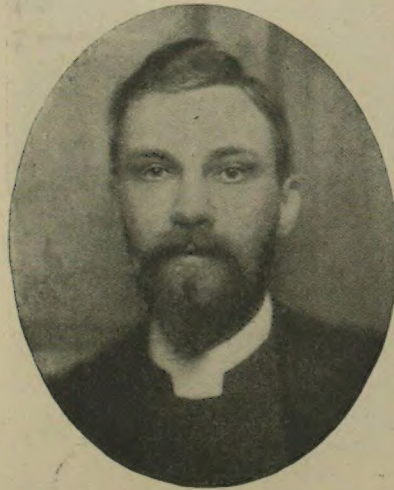


Photo. Holger.
THE REV. H. C. BEECHING,
New Canon of Westminster.

The manner of Lord Kitchener's arrival at Buckingham Palace for a final audience of the King before his departure for India was characteristic of the General, who, above everything, hates ceremony. Entering the quadrangle in a closed carriage, he was almost unnoticed by the crowd of several hundred people who had assembled to greet him.

Mr. Balfour has characterised as an untruth the statement circulated in Spalding "That the effect of the Education Bill will be to compel the Board school teachers to teach Church creeds and catechisms, or be dismissed from service." He also adds, "I trust it is not a deliberate and malicious untruth."

The Sultan of Bacolor has obviously no great belief in diplomacy. His letter to General Sumner is delightfully frank: "The Sultan of Bacolor desires war forthwith. He wishes to maintain the religion of Mohammed, and to cease sending letters. What we want is war. We do not desire your friendship."

Mr. Samuel Hill Smith Lofthouse has been appointed to the important position of Recorder of Doncaster, in the place of Mr. Macaskie, whose transference to the Recordership of Sheffield we noted last week. Mr. Lofthouse, who was called to the Bar in 1869, has practised on the North-Eastern Circuit. He has had considerable experience of the work he is called upon to perform, having for many years past been Assistant Recorder of Sheffield. The knowledge gained then should be invaluable to him in his new position, which he may safely be looked upon to fill with satisfaction to all concerned.

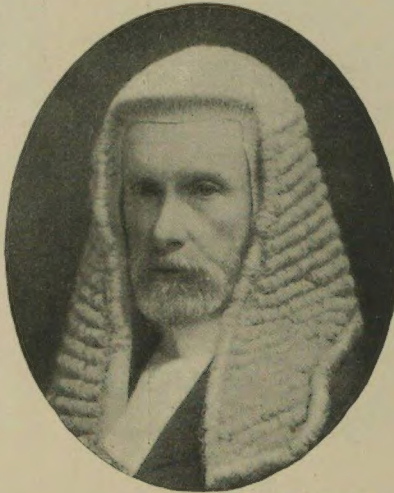


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. S. H. S. LOFHOUSE,
New Recorder of Doncaster.

Major-General Wood, the eldest of the three distinguished American soldiers who lunched with the King the other day, boasts that he took part in all the battles of his corps during the Civil War. Generals Corbin and Young also figured in the historic struggle.

The latest regulations made by the War Office for the governing of the Volunteer forces are the cause of much controversy. The resignation of Colonel Eustace Balfour, of the London Scottish, will, it is said, be followed by the retirement of six other commanding officers of Metropolitan corps.

A suggestion, that has at least the merit of being practicable, has been made that some of the out-of-work Reservists, with whom the country has been glutted by the recent war, should be employed as golf caddies. There is no reason why it should not be so. In Scotland the caddie of mature years is an ancient institution. In fact, age and experience are necessary to produce the species in its finest bloom.

The growing interest felt in things English by the educated Indian has been once more emphasised by Mr. Bomonjee Dinshaw Petit's munificent donation of a lakh of rupees—roughly, ten thousand pounds—to the London School of Tropical Medicine, Royal Victoria and Albert Docks, in connection with the Seamen's Hospital Society. Mr. Petit's generosity is well known, and he has previously proved himself a liberal supporter of worthy charities. The only surviving son of the late Sir Dinshaw Manockjee Petit, Bart., he is a merchant, a mill-owner, and a member of the Legislative Council of the Governor of Bombay, of which city he is also a Justice of the Peace.

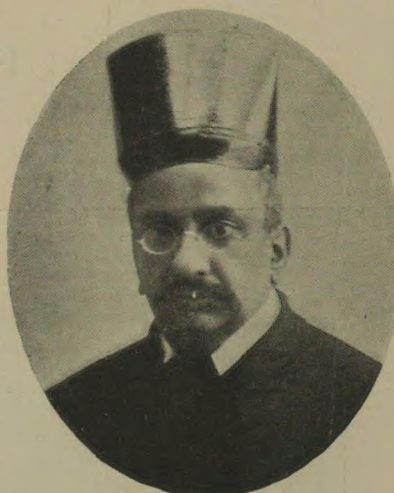


Photo. Hammes, Poona.
THE HON. B. D. PETIT,
Donor of a Lakh of Rupees to the School
of Tropical Medicine.

Phya Sri Sahadeb, the Siamese Prime Minister, has not only successfully concluded the treaty with France, but has also settled some of the questions in which Great Britain is interested. His Excellency is to return home at the end of the month.

The Scottish Antarctic Expedition, under Mr. W. S. Bruce, sails from Troon on or about Oct. 22, on board the ss. *Scotia*. The equipment which we illustrate was recently exhibited at the Science and Art Museum, Edinburgh. To Messrs. Elliott and Fry is due the photograph of the leader which we publish on another page.

Paris has now to record its second fatal airship accident. Baron de Bradsky and his engineer, M. Morin, testing the former's invention on Oct. 13, were dashed to the ground at Stains, near St. Denis, by the parting of the steel wires by which the car was attached to the body of the machine. In spite of this warning, M. Santos Dumont is desirous of attempting an air voyage

from the Bois de Boulogne to Hyde Park. All that he requires is someone to guarantee a prize of £10,000. He will then perform the feat within a fortnight.

Robert Thornagh Gurdon, first Baron Cranworth, who died on Oct. 13, was the eldest son of Brampton Gurdon, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Gurdon, and was elevated to the peerage in 1899. He was educated at Eton, where he was Captain of the School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where, in 1852, he was placed among the Senior Optimes. Called to the Bar in 1856, he for a time practised in the Northern Circuit. He sat for South Norfolk as a Liberal from 1880 till 1885, and for Mid-Norfolk from 1885 until the following year, when, as a Liberal Unionist, he was re-elected, holding his seat until 1892. In that year he was defeated by Mr. Higgins, Gladstonian Liberal, but upon that gentleman accepting the Chiltern Hundreds in April 1895, Mr. Gurdon again contested the seat, and was elected. In 1896 he was once more unsuccessful. The late peer was Chairman of Quarter Sessions and Chairman of the County Council. He was twice married.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE LORD CRANWORTH,
Formerly M.P. for South and Mid-Norfolk.

The offer to purchase two volumes of Robert Burns's manuscripts from the Liverpool Athenæum, said to have been made by Mr. Pierpont Morgan, has been withdrawn.

The death of Lui-Kun-Yi, the Viceroy of Nanking, on Oct. 6, is likely to have a prejudicial effect upon European interests in Southern China.

The civilised world is much indebted to him for his determined efforts to keep the Boxer movement out of the Yang-tze Valley during the troubles of 1900. The Viceroy was by birth a Hunanese, and the Province of Hunan being the chief recruiting-ground of the imperial army, it is not surprising that he early followed a military career. In 1860 he commanded one of the armies launched against the Tai-ping rebels, his operations in Kiang-si being particularly successful. A soldier and a provincial, and not a scholar, as was his great colleague, Chang Chih-Tung, Lui-Kun-Yi was shrewd, fearless of speech, and honest, and was much liked by the Europeans with whom he came in contact. It will perhaps be remembered that he played a prominent part in the recent negotiations on the subject of the revision of the Chinese Tariff and the abolition of *likin*.

Mr. Carnegie is not in the least perturbed at Marylebone's refusal of a library. He has written to a friend: "Sorry for Marylebone. But Edinburgh refused twice. Even Pittsburg refused. I waited and they both repented. So will Marylebone."

Mr. Henry White, appointed United States Minister at Rome, has been Secretary of the United States Embassy at the Court of St. James's since 1897, and has previously held the positions of Second Secretary and Secretary in this country, the former in 1884, the latter from 1886 until 1893, when he was recalled by President Cleveland. Born at Baltimore on March 29, 1850, he was educated privately, and at schools in America and France. His first important diplomatic appointment was as Secretary of the American Legation at Vienna in 1883. Mr. White married, in 1879, Margaret Stuyvesant Rutherford.

The War Commission met at St. Stephen's House, Westminster, on Oct. 14. Evidence was then given by Lord Kitchener, who left England for Egypt and India on the following day.

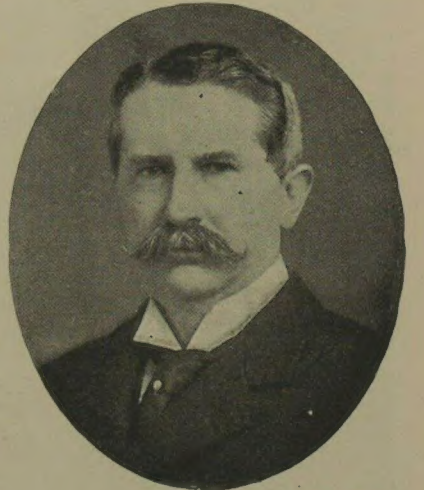


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. HENRY WHITE,
New United States Minister at Rome.

THE RENEGADE.

By LLOYD OSBOURNE.



Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

II.—(Continued.)

The Consul, like the worthy fellow he was, wished to do something for these waifs; and his eyes roved about the big hot room in search of he knew not what. Jack and Fetuao, no less ill at ease, stood close together and waited submissively. At last, noticing the new boat-flag lying on his desk, the Consul took it up in both his hands. "Haviland," he said oratorically, "this is my flag and your flag, and it is now Mrs. Haviland's flag, for I've made her as good an American as the pair of us. Take it along with you, and if you have children, bring them up to love and honour Old Glory as we do, and teach them at your knee for what it stands—Freedom, Justice, and equal rights for every man born under it. And if there should ever be any trouble here—war, riot, or insurrection—just hoist it above your house, and its bright folds will protect you as much as though the whole United States army lay in a mighty camp around you!"

Jack took the flag respectfully, much impressed by the Consul's speech, and tremendously pleased, besides, that Fetuao should see that an American—even a common, low-down American seaman—like himself—counted for something in the official world. Would a Britisher or one of them beastly Dutchmen have acted like this Consul did? His Consul, by jingo! And his breast heaved with gratitude and patriotic fervour. Afterwards, when Fetuao and he ate their lunch under a tree, he spread out the Consul's gift on the ground beside him, and the words "freedom," "justice," and "equal rights" boomed sonorously in his ears. To Fetuao, in her simplicity, the bunting appeared a sort of sanction or certificate of their second marriage; and when she returned home she explained that it was all settled, the *faamasino* having written their names in the book and given them the *fua Ameleke*!

Three years passed. Jack rubbed his eyes and wondered what had become of them; and he read the answer to his question in his coffee-bushes, now breast-high and bright with fruit; in his trellised vanilla, already so exacting and so profitable; in his sturdy bread-fruit trees, thickening with every rain; in the patches of bananas, *taro*, yams, *'ava*, egg-plant, sweet potatoes, pineapples, and soursops that were set out so trimly in the plantation his axe had won in the primæval forest. His house, too, had drawn not a little on his capital—his capital of strength, skill, and perseverance—but he grudged neither time nor labour in making it the best in Oa. For a house is an important matter to a family man, even if it weren't a paying thing like vanilla, nor capable of helping a feller along like a cow or a boat. It paid you back in its own way—a mighty good way, too—and it grew to be a part of you like your wife, if you weren't a poor, lone, seafaring slob without one.

Of course it wasn't much of a house, being a sort of beehive-shaped concern, with a thatched roof a foot thick and open all round the sides when the cocoanut curtains was hysted. But when these were pulled down at night, and you were a-sitting in one of your own home-made chairs with your wife on your knee, the night breeze rustling overhead and the breakers moaning a mile away on the outer reef, it made you sort of feel like things had come right at last, and that for two cents you'd plank right down on your knees, then and there, and thank God, by God!

All this had not been accomplished without work; but then it was work for himself, and not for others. Jack had never known before what it was to enjoy the fruit of his own labour; he had always been a cog in the blind machinery of other people, exchanging so much toil for so much money. Now that he could see his little

plantation grow and prosper beneath his hands, every hour repaid with Nature's usury, he began to feel the elation that a man finds in independence. At first Fetuao had entered but half-heartedly in his plans; she would sit on a log and watch him with mirthful wonder as he swung his axe on the land Faalelei had given them; and when for a spell he took a place beside her, she would wipe the sweat from his forehead and look at him with perplexity. Work; yes, that, as the preacher said, was the curse of Adam; but this daily persistency was not understandable. Had not Faalelei plenty for them both? And if one *taro* sufficed, why be at the pains to plant two?

But little by little it began to dawn on her that there was another side to this feverish devotion to work. Jack took a load of yams to Apia, and came back with fifteen silver dollars and a bolt of print for a dress. He went again, and returned with a sewing-machine, a pack of cards, and a bottle of trade scent; still another trip, and lo! he towed behind him a fine new boat with "Fetuao" painted in the stern. Then she at last succumbed to the fascination of the white way. *Paga!* There were dollars in the ground, and for the asking they could be made to grow. This lesson learned, Fetuao herself became as ardent a planter as her unwearied husband. Lying in his arms at night, her talk ran continually on the theme of which neither ever tired. Not a dollar was earned but what was thus laid out in advance with eager questioning and debate. The cow was bought, the horse, the chickens, the wire for fencing. It was a game in which each played a part with enduring zest; a game with a constant round of prizes and enjoyment; a game in which green Nature was the board and every plant and tree a piece. At sunset they knew no pleasure like that of wandering hand in hand through the paths of their little estate, two



She never seemed so sweet to him.

poetic peasants, filled with love for each other and asking nothing more of God or man.

Thus the days passed in increasing prosperity and contentment, days so rare in the life of any man when he says to himself, "I am happy." To Jack, these three words, never spoken, but somewhere within him articulate and peremptory—these three words were almost overwhelming in their significance. He trembled for this treasure, so elusive, so transitory perhaps, so surely ill-deserved; he grew humble with the thought of his own unworthiness; and though no believer, in the ordinary sense, he began to feel the first stirring of religion. When Fetuao, with sweet shame, laid her head against his shoulder and told him of her impending motherhood, he kissed her, comforted her, and then, rising to his feet, he sought the solitude that at such a moment he felt he could not share even with his wife. In one of the unfrequented corners of the bay, a narrow beach shadowed by the forest and faced by the open sea, he threw himself upon his knees with a passionate thankfulness that seemed to find its expression in this act. Knowing no prayer, addressing no God, he simply gazed above him in the sky, in a rapt, dumb gratitude.

As he walked home he thought of his own parents, long since dead; of their hopes, their cares, their lowly unfulfilled ambitions, now dead with them. He perceived himself, as if for the first time, a link between the past and the future, the heir of bygone generations—generations that had loved and suffered and struggled, to no other end than that he might live; he and the sister he had neither seen nor heard from in fourteen years. Thunder! he ought to write to Amandar. Families oughtn't to drift apart like that. It was a shame—a damned shame—and it came over him with a shock that she too might be dead. He took a sheet of paper and a pencil, and with heaving breast and overflowing heart thus broke the silence of those long years—

Oa Bay, Samoa, December 19th, 1899.

Dear Sis,—You will be surprised to get a letter from me after all this time. I am well, and hope you are enjoying a similar blessing. I am married now and left the sea. I suppose Joe is a man along in middle life now and you a handsome matron with a family. This is a good country, but hot.—Ever your affectionate Brother,
JACK HAVILAND.

P.S.—I often think of Pa and Ma and the old days.

Not long after this Jack sailed into Apia with a load of coprah and his letter for the out-going mail. The town was in an uproar, and cracking like the Fourth of July. Jack wondered what in thunder it was about, as he landed at Jefferson's wharf and discovered the postmaster lying underneath the Post Office in a nest of sand-bags. Crawling in after the functionary, Jack handed him the letter.

"That's for America," said Jack.

"Five cents," said Jefferson.

"What's all this corroboree!" said Jack.

"It's war, that's what it is," said Jefferson, weighing the letter in a tin scale.

Jack's jaw fell. For a month past he had heard rumours of a native war, but he had resolutely closed his ears to all that Fetuao was so insistent to tell him. "It was none of his business," he had said to her uneasily. "He wasn't no politician, and all he asked of anybody was to be let alone"; and with that he had tried to put the matter by as something imaginary and disquieting, which, if boldly ignored, would disappear of itself.

"Say, Mr. Jefferson, what in thunder is it all about?" he inquired.

"If you went to the bottom of it you would find Dutchmen," said Jefferson grimly.

Jack cursed the meddling scoundrels.

"They want Mataafa for King, just because he has a majority of two thousand votes," said Jefferson.

"I guess there's something in that," said Jack.

"Nothing at all," exclaimed Jefferson. "Just speciousness, that's what I call it. The other fellow, Tanumafili, is a nice-looking boy from the missionary school, and being above wire-pulling and promising everything to everybody, he hasn't any following to speak of. But he's a good, decent Protestant boy, and will make a fine King."

"Oh, ho," said Jack, beginning to see how the wind lay, "and so the other dodger's a Catholic?"

"A rank, bigoted Catholic," said Jefferson. "That's what makes the missionaries so wild against him, and likewise the British and American officials."

"They won't let him be King, then?" asked Jack.

"He's a rebel," said Jefferson. "And they've posted proclamations against him on every cocoanut-tree around the beach."

"And the natives they won't let Tanumafili be King neither?" said Jack.

"That's him they're chasing into the sea this minute," said Jefferson.

Jack looked perplexed. "I don't see why the Kanakas shouldn't have the King they fancy," he said.

"To hear you talk one would think you was a Dutchman yourself," said Jefferson.

"But the majority," said Jack. "Them two thousand—"

"The Chief Justice ruled them out on a technicality," said Jefferson; "and if the Supreme Court ain't right, who is? Do you think he's going to give over this country to a Papist? No, the only King here is Tanumafili, and the men-of-war will reinstate him at the muzzle of their guns. Then we'll see who's who in Samoa!"

Jack made his way across the street to the store where he usually sold his coprah. Bullets were spattering on the roof, and the trader himself, a portly German in gold spectacles, was palpitating in a bomb-proof.

"I hope Mrs. Meyerfeld is well," said Jack, who in Samoa had grown punctilious.

"Oh, mein Gott!" exclaimed Meyerfeld.

"And the children?" inquired Jack. "Miss Hilda and Miss Theresa?"

"Oh, mein Gott!" said Meyerfeld.

"I have brought you forty bags of coprah," said Jack.

"Oh, mein Gott!" said Meyerfeld.

"Don't you want it then?" inquired Jack.

"Hear the pullets!" said Meyerfeld.

"But forty bags," said Jack.

"I've no man, no noding!" groaned the trader.

"Come again negst week. Come again after de war."

"I'll put it in the shed myself," said Jack.

He went out into the empty street and looked about him. The firing was going on as hotly as ever, but except for a single limp figure face down in the dust, he failed to see the least sign of the contending parties. From the direction of the Muliwai Bridge he heard bursts of cheering, with intermittent lulls and explosions, as the battle rolled to and fro. War on so small a scale is startlingly like murder, and Jack shuddered as he went up to the corpse and turned it over. He returned to his boat, and in a fever of activity unloaded his forty bags and trundled them in batches into Meyerfeld's coprah-shed across the road. It took half-a-dozen trips of the little flat-car to accomplish this task single-handed, and then there was the further delay in weighing each bag and checking off the contents on a bit of paper. Nor was this all, for he had to make a copy besides, and tack it on the warehouse door with the inscription—*Taly and find correct. John Haviland.*

This done, he dropped into his boat and hoisted the sails, weary, heart-sick, and anxious. Passing to leeward of the British man-of-war, he saw her decks swarming with refugees, her crew grouped about the guns, and an officer in the fore cross-trees sweeping the town with his glass. A gust of wind carried down to him the sound of children crying, and with it an indistinguishable humming, at once menacing and dejected, like the sigh of a rising gale. It echoed in his ears long afterwards, that most poignant note in war, the voice of the herded, helpless multitude.

He reached Oa in the grey of the morning, and the grating of his boat's keel in the sand brought out Fetuao to meet him. She could not restrain her joy at the sight of him, kissing his hands and clinging to him as he took out the sails and oars and carried them up to the house. She never seemed so sweet to him, never so girlish and charming in her fresh young womanhood as in that dawn of his home-coming. To hear her laugh, to see her eyes sparkle, to feel her warm breath against his cheek, all transported him for the moment into a state of unreasoning security. Apia and its bloodstained streets faded into the immeasurable distance; the war, and all the attendant horrors that had haunted him, now seemed for a moment too remote even to think of: what had he to fear, here on his own hearthstone, with his dear wife beside him, in another world from that he had so lately quitted? If there was trouble, wouldn't the Consuls settle it, them and the Treaty officials whose job it was to run the blessed Group? He had never been no politician himself, and he wasn't a-going to begin now. Let them worry as was paid to worry.

"Fetuao," he said. "Where is the flag the faamasano gave us when we were married in Apia?"

"O i ai pea i le pusa," she returned.

"Get it out, my pigeon," he said, "for I mean to hoist it above the house for a protection."

"And tell me, Fetuao," he went on, "what before I have never asked of thee. On what side are thy people in this *misa* of Mataafa and Tanumafili?"

"For Mataafa," she returned. "Didst thou think that Samoa wants this untattooed boy from the missionary school at Leulumoenga? Why else did Faalelei and the young men go last month to Apia to be numbered for Mataafa, the whites promising that he who had most voices should be King? And when all Samoa cried out 'Mataafa' at the numbering-place (all except the little handful of the Tuamasanga), lo! the word was given that Tanumafili was appointed after all, and that the counting was to be disregarded."

Jack sighed as he took the flag and went out with it. He realised that his old life was at an end, and that a new one, full of uncertainty and danger, was to date from the time he hoisted this bit of bunting. He trimmed a straight piece of *fuafua* for a staff, and as he did so he cursed the missionaries for meddlers, and the Treaty officials for crazy fools. When at length the flag was in place, Fetuao and he drew away to get a better view of it from the beach. Standing there in silence, they watched the vivid colours flaunt against the wooded hills behind; while Jack, with a seaman's instinctive reverence for the flag, bared his head, and Fetuao clapped her hands with delight.

"Is it not beautiful?" she cried. "As starry as the nights before we were married, Siaki, when we used to walk together, here and there, like uncaring children."

Her husband did not answer, and as she turned and looked up into his face she saw that he was crying.

The two months that followed were the most terrible in the history of Samoa. A handful of exasperated whites—Treaty officials, missionaries, and Consuls—were determined to foist Tanumafili on the unwilling natives of the group, and backed by three men-of-war, they declared Mataafa a rebel, and plunged the country into a disastrous and sanguinary war. England and America, in the person of their respective naval commanders, vied with one another in their self-appointed task; and while the Germans stood aloof, protesting and aghast, our ships ravaged the Samoan coast, burning, bombarding, and destroying with indiscriminate fury. In this savage conflict, so unjust in its inception, so frightful in its effects on an unoffending people, the Samoans showed an extraordinary spirit in defending what all men hold most dear. Driven from the shore by our guns, they massed their warriors behind Apia, and on ground of their own choosing gave obstinate battle to the invaders.

It is not the writer's purpose to follow the varying stages of this ignoble quarrel, in which blood flowed like water in our vain attempts to force the unwilling Samoans to accept a Protestant divinity student for their King. This little war, so remote, so ill-understood at home, so brief, violent, and unjust, swept over the islands like a hurricane. Abruptly begun by headstrong naval officers and officials on the spot, it was as abruptly ended by peremptory orders from London and Washington; but the

interval (necessarily a long one) before the news could go out and the orders returned half-way round the world, was sufficient to reduce Samoa to the verge of ruin.

In such a country, without roads, telegraphs, or newspapers, where rumour passes from mouth to mouth, and facts, in the process, get twisted out of all recognition, war brings with it a period of agonising ignorance, when anything is told and anything believed. To Jack this waiting became almost intolerable; his suspense and the uncertainty of those dreadful days told on him with an augmented force, so that he grew thin and started at a sound. Through an unseen channel the news of fighting persistently trickled into Oa: more battles; more villages bombarded; such a one wounded; such a one killed; with stories of the increasing ruthlessness of the British and Americans. On some days the sound of cannon could be plainly heard from leeward, the signal for the women and children to crowd with their pastor into the church, and for the men—the scanty remnants that still remained—to grasp their rifles and melt away into the forest.

But as time passed, and one false alarm was succeeded by another, Jack plucked up a little heart. He began to make allowance for native exaggeration and laughed at his own former fears. If the men-of-war should come to Oa were they likely to bombard an undefended village full of women and children, or burn, pillage, and destroy as mercilessly as he had been told they did? Bah! a pack of Kanaka lies, the gradual distortion of the truth as it passed along the line, until one burned house became a hundred, and one village the whole coast of Atua! He went back to his neglected plantation, now overgrown with weeds, and set to work again with a determination not to borrow trouble. But in spite of himself he would listen again and again for the sound of cannon, laying down his axe or his bush-knife in a panic, and running back to the shore to make sure that nothing had happened in the hour he had been gone.

It was during one of these mornings in the woods, a morning singularly free of the apprehensions which usually beset him, that Fetuao came running through the bananas where he was at work, crying out, "*Manuao, manuao!*" Together, without exchanging a single word, they flew headlong to the beach, never stopping until they took shelter beneath the eaves of their own house. Yes, there was the man-of-war, a Britisher with yellow funnels, well outside the reef, towing behind her a flotilla of boats chock-a-block with natives. The red headaddresses of their crews showed them to be the followers of Tanumafili, and a couple of unmistakable pith helmets in the stern of the biggest betrayed the presence of directing white men. At the tail of the boats was a large steam-launch flying the Stars and Stripes, the American Admiral's contribution to the little fleet.

Jack breathed a sigh of relief at the sight of his own flag. Wherever that flew he knew that he and his were safe. By George! everybody in Oa Bay was safe so long as they didn't try to make a fight of it; and he could have laughed to see the terrified women scotching for the church, the children whimpering at their heels. The fools! What had they to fear! American officers were not the kind to fire on women and children, nor were they likely to look on mumchance and let the limejuicers do it neither. No, Sirree!

The man-of-war slowed down her engines and came almost to a standstill. There was a sudden flash from one of her sponsons, a puff of smoke, and then the roar of a six-inch gun. The shell struck a palm not a hundred yards from where Jack was standing, and with a loud explosion took off the entire top as neatly as though a knife had sliced it.

"Good God!" cried the sailor; and the words were scarcely out of his mouth before he heard the venomous rush of another shell. Jack could not believe his senses. What! No warning; no notice beforehand; not even ten minutes to allow the women and children to get out of danger!

Bang!

The church this time! He clutched Fetuao as he saw the shower of cement and rock, and the frenzied flight of its occupants for safety. If that shell had gone through the window instead of striking the corner—!

Bang!

"Run, run!" cried Fetuao, and without even waiting for him to follow or turning round to see that he did so, she darted through the house and disappeared.

But Jack, in a white heat of indignation, folded his arms and remained doggedly where he was. Let them shoot, the skunks! Let them shoot, the stinking cowards! This was his house, and he would remain beside it until the crack of doom, shells or no shells. He would stand off them fire-bugs and looters when they landed, and tell them officers what a plain American citizen thought of them. He wasn't afraid of the swine. By God, he'd like to boot the raft of them; he shook his fist in their faces, he did; and as for that villainous launch, rolling idly in the swell while the big bully fired on the defenceless town, he had no words to express his disgust for it.

The bombardment, like a salute, continued with regular intermissions between each gun. The marksmanship was poor, many of the shells falling short or bursting prematurely in mid-air. Except for the church, which was twice struck, and the chief's house, whose roof was set on fire, the damage done was inappreciable; and Jack, whose heart at first had been in his mouth, now grinned with derision as he watched for the recurring flashes.

"The Chilaneans could do better nor you!" he cried.

"Jack!" whispered a voice beside him, and there was Fetuao back again. He took her in his arms and kissed her; and then, like a pair of lovers, they held each other's hands and shrank close together as an occasional shell burst near them.

At last the firing came to an end, and the flotilla of boats, preceded by the American launch, passed in a procession through the break in the reef, and headed for Jack's house.

(To be concluded next week.)

THE FORTHCOMING SCOTTISH ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION: ITS LEADER AND EQUIPMENT.

DRAWN BY H. L. BACON AT THE EXHIBITION OF EQUIPMENT AT THE MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND ART, EDINBURGH.

THE LEADER: MR. W. S. BRUCE.



1. BLACK AND WHITE BOX KITES FOR SIGNALLING, VISIBLE AGAINST A LIGHT OR DARK SKY.
2. A SLEDGE AND A KAYAK OF LIGHT WOOD AND CANVAS,

3. EXPLORER IN EVERYDAY SUIT—WOOLLEN "JUMPER," KNICKERS, AND LEGGINGS, CAPABLE OF WITHSTANDING THE GREATEST COLD.

4. EXPLORER IN WIND SUIT, EXAMINING THE ANEMOMETER.
5. SKIN SLEEPING-BAGS, DOUBLE AND SINGLE, WITH FUR INSIDE.
6. FUR SUIT FOR WATCH OR SLEEPING IN VERY COLD WEATHER.

THE NEW HUNGARIAN HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AT BUDAPEST.

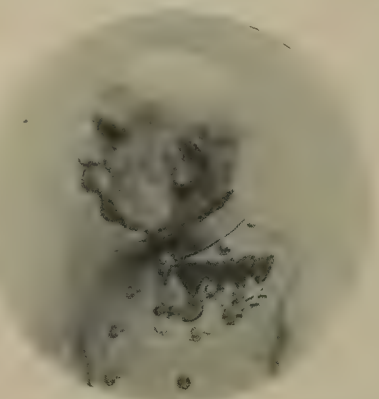


THE NEW HUNGARIAN HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT : THE FRONT TO THE DANUBE.



THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES : EXTERIOR.

THE new Hungarian Houses of Parliament at Budapest were opened on October 8 by an Imperial Rescript. The buildings, which have been in progress since 1885, were designed by the late Professor Emeric Steindl, who died about two months ago. The total cost of

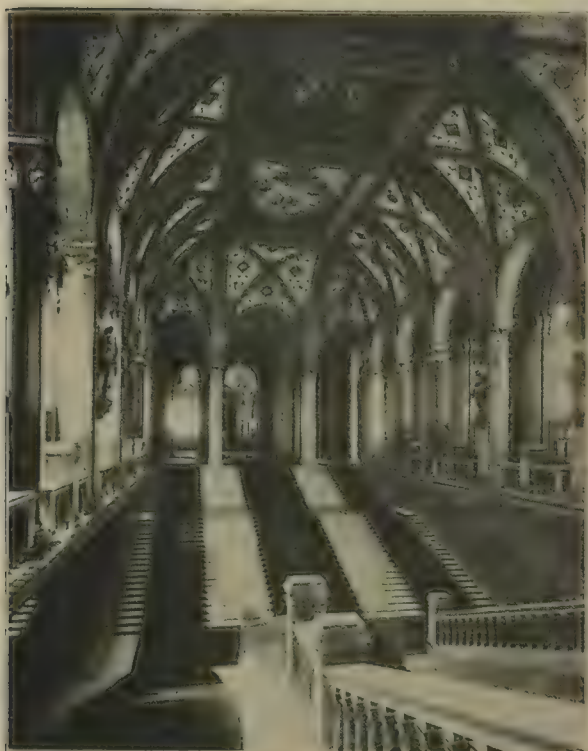


FRANCIS JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA
AND KING OF HUNGARY.

the edifice exceeded ten million francs. At the first meeting of the Diet in its new home on October 8, the King's absence was noted with indignation by deputy Barabas. The sitting closed amid characteristic uproar.



THE THRONE-ROOM.



THE GRAND STAIRCASE.



THE TERRACE.



THE VESTIBULE AND LOBBY

THE REVOLT IN THE BALKANS: A BORDER PATROL.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



A BULGARIAN POST ON THE TURCO-ROUMELIAN FRONTIER.

Many of these stations, which occur at frequent intervals along the boundary, have recently been attacked by insurgent bands. The headquarters are merely a peasant's hut, and the only signs of officialism are a sentry-box and a circular board on a post bearing the Bulgarian arms. About a dozen regulars, under the command of an officer of gendarmerie, compose the guard. A mounted patrol maintains communication between post and post.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

An announcement of much scientific interest appeared in the newspapers very recently in the shape of details concerning a remedy for that common and often dangerous ailment, scarlet fever. The history of such a discovery—if, indeed, the matter has attained to that rank—brings us face to face with certain important phases of germ-science, that branch of inquiry which has in one sense revolutionised the healing art itself. What has been reported from Vienna is the initiation of a treatment of scarlet fever by means of what is called a "serum." With regard to this special topic, one can only say that the treatment is on its trial. Its promulgator, a Dr. Moser, is very sanguine concerning its value in cutting short the ailment, or of modifying its course at least, so that fatal results may be averted.

That which is of interest to us, regarding the subject from the broad scientific view, is the analogy between the scarlet fever treatment and that already and successfully applied to other ailments. I ought to remark, in the first place, that we are as yet unacquainted with the precise germ or microbe to infection with which scarlet fever is due. Various attempts have been made to isolate the microbe in question, but up to the present failure has been the order of the day. The task is one of much difficulty, for in the case of scarlatina not one, but several germs can be separated, and the puzzle is which germ is to be regarded as the real cause of the ailment. It may be, indeed, that more than one microbe is concerned in the production of the disease. It may be a case of that association of organisms where one form cannot flourish save with the assistance of another species.

The Vienna expert has, however, selected a certain microbe which occurs in scarlet fever, and which he regards as likely to represent the germ of the disease. This organism is artificially cultivated so as to ensure the purity of its stock, as it were, and to avoid the possibility of the intrusion of other species of germs. When a pure culture has been obtained, it is used to inoculate an animal. Under such experiments, it ought to be added, the animal remains perfectly well. We see this illustrated in the case of the horse inoculated to afford diphtheria serum. The animal selected is one which shows a resistance in some degree to the germ with which it is inoculated. Its rôle is therefore of more or less passive character. Now, as a result of inoculations, there appears to be developed in the animal's blood a peculiar principle which is known as an "anti-toxin." The word "serum" is a term applied to the fluid part of the blood in all animals—it is, indeed, the blood minus its corpuscles. Hence it is in the serum that the anti-toxin is found, and this last is developed as the direct result of the growth and multiplication in it of the germs used for inoculation.

Experiment has demonstrated still further the highly important fact that when the anti-toxin taken from the animal's blood is used as an injection into the tissues of a human being attacked by the disease (whereof the germs have produced the substance in the serum), it has the effect of modifying the ailment, and practically of curing it. What must have happened here is that the development of the microbes in the body of one animal produces a principle which is fatal to their growth in the body of another and different animal. Analogy supplies us with several illustrations of this curious phase of germ life. Vaccination itself exemplifies such a process, for smallpox matter, modified by its transition through the calf, appears as vaccine lymph, which is used for protection against smallpox attack. Also, vaccination performed sufficiently early on a person already suffering from smallpox is found to modify the disease in a very marked fashion. So that, in reality, we are thus causing microbes that are capable of producing disease to fight their own kith and kin, with results eminently satisfactory to ourselves.

It is work of this kind which we may hope has been accomplished for the cure of scarlet fever. That expectation is justified as a mere hope by what we know of the success attending other instances of serum-treatment. We have serums now in use for the cure of diphtheria, typhoid fever, cholera, lock-jaw, and plague. That for diphtheria has had a very long and extensive trial both in hospitals and in private practice. The results have been most gratifying. The disease, a terrible malady, as we all know, can be mastered by the use of the serum in a fashion possible under no previous mode of treatment. Many a poor little sufferer has had ample cause to bless the progress of bacteriological science which has placed the anti-toxin in the physician's hands. The anti-typhoid serum is still on its trial, but here again the outlook is hopeful, both as regards the modifying of the course of the disease and as regards prevention. There is likewise a cholera anti-toxin, the use of which has been tested with success in India. Lock-jaw can be treated with hope by aid of its special anti-toxin, although admittedly this last is an ailment sudden in its attack, rapid in its course, and presenting, therefore, difficulties in the way of applying the remedy such as are not existent in an ailment of slower incidence.

It is permissible to speculate on the probable line of development which the treatment of disease in the future may follow if discoveries such as these I have chronicled become specialised and perfected. The physician's armamentarium may in time be largely composed of "serums," each applicable to the treatment of an ailment, and each exercising beneficial effects upon the course of the disease. Ailments nowadays mostly run their course. The physician's art is that of watching the development of the attack and of combating such unfavourable conditions as may arise. His successor may possess greater powers; and if we may never elaborate an elixir of life, at least science will provide serums that can prevent its premature extinction.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

H M PRIDEAUX (Berlin).—We are glad to hear from you again, and have little doubt your problem will prove very acceptable on examination.

R B (Cowpen) and J D PAUL (St. Clear).—Your problems shall have our attention.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3042 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3043 from Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon) and Banarsi Das; of No. 3044 from P N Banerji (Indore); of No. 3047 from M A Eyre (Folkestone), G Lill (Gringley-on-Hill), Dr. Goldsmith, and Rev. C R Sowell (St. Austell); of No. 3048 from C W Porter (Crawley), A G (Pancsova), Brasserie Phocenne (Marseilles), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), H Le Jeune, Mark Van Boole (Stamford Hill), and Clement C Danby.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3049 received from W D Easton (Sunderland), W M Eglinton (Birmingham), W J Parker, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), F J S (Hampstead), T Roberts, Edith Corser (Reigate), E J Winter - Wood, Alpha, Graham Wilkinson (Sheffield), Hereward, R Worters (Canterbury), J Coad, Reginald Gordon, J W (Campsie), G C B, Albert Wolff (Putney), R Whitlocke (Clifton), H S Brandreth (Weybridge), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), Thomas J Smythe (Streatham), Shadforth, Charles Burnett, W A Lillico (Edinburgh), Martin F, H Burton (Liverpool), Sorrento, and Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3048.—By W. BIDDIE.

WHITE.

1. Q to R sq

2. Kt to K 4th (ch)

3. Q mates.

BLACK.

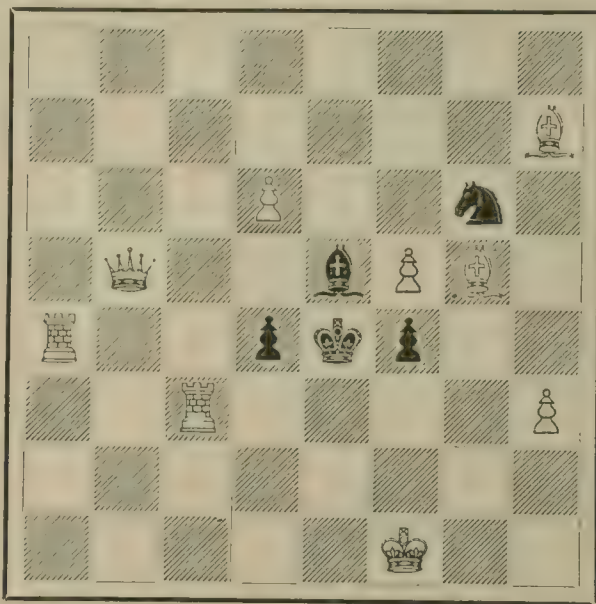
P takes Kt at B 6th

K moves

If Black play 1. P takes Kt at Q 6th, 2. Kt to B 8th (ch); if 1. K takes Kt at Q 6th, 2. Kt to B 8th (ch); if 1. K takes Kt at Kt 6th, 2. Kt to B 8th (ch); and if 1. K moves, then 2. Q to Kt 2nd (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 3051.—By HENRY WHITTEN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played by correspondence between Mr. B. COLLE (Manhattan) and Dr. J. RALBE (Pennsylvania).

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)

BLACK (Dr. R.)

1. P to K 4th

P to K 4th

2. Kt to K B 3rd

Kt to Q B 3rd

3. B to Kt 5th

P to Q 3rd

4. P to Q 4th

P takes P

5. Kt takes P

B to Q 2nd

6. Kt takes Kt

B takes Kt

It is doubtful policy thus to exchange both pieces. Hence P takes Kt is better, and the doubled Pawns are no disadvantage to Black. He also has an open Q file.

7. B takes B (ch) P takes B

8. P to Q B 4th

This keeps Black closely confined, preventing P to Q 4th. The policy is excellent.

9. Kt to B 3rd

Kt to K 2nd

10. Castles

Castles

11. P to B 4th

Kt to Q 2nd

Q to B sq is better. Then if 12. P to K 5th, P takes P; 13. P takes P, B to B 4th (ch); 14. K to R sq, Kt to Kt 5th, etc.

12. Q to Kt 4th

B to R 3rd

13. B to K 2nd

Q to K 2nd

14. Q R to K sq

Q to K 3rd

15. Q to K 2nd

Q R to K sq

K R to K sq is better play, giving Black

WHITE (Mr. C.)

BLACK (Dr. R.)

liberty to move Kt to B sq, etc. This is

more evident later.

16. P to K 5th

P takes P

17. P to K B 5th

It will soon appear that this line of attack is strong and effective.

18. Kt to K 4th

Q to K 2nd

19. B to K 3rd

R to Kt sq

20. P to Q 3rd

R to Kt 2nd

21. Q R to K 3rd

P to Kt 3rd

22. Q R to K B sq

B to R sq

23. B to Kt 5th

Q to B sq

24. Q to K B 2nd

P to B 3rd

25. P takes P

P takes P

26. B takes P

B takes B

27. Kt takes B (ch)

Kt takes Kt

28. R takes Kt

Q to K R 3rd

29. R takes B P

Q to Kt 2nd

He could not play R to K B sq here because of the reply, R takes P (ch), etc.

30. P to B 5th

R to Kt 5th

31. Q to Kt 3rd

P to Kt 4th

32. R (B sq) to B 6th

K to R 2nd

33. Q to Q 3rd (ch)

Resigns.

CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played between ALLIES in consultation and Mr. A. LEWIN.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Allies).

BLACK (Mr. L.)

1. P to K 4th

P to K 4th

2. Kt to K B 3rd

Kt to Q B 3rd

3. B to Kt 5th

P to K B 4th

This variation has given rise to much discussion, and several analyses have been published.

4. P to Q 3rd

Kt to K B 3rd

5. Kt to B 3rd

P takes P

6. P takes P

P to Q 3rd

Black has now a sound and good defence, and it is not easy to find an attack for White.

7. Castles

B to K 2nd

8. B to K 3rd

Castles

9. B to B 4th (ch)

K to R sq

10. Q to K 2nd

Pointless; either Kt to R 4th or Kt to Kt 5th is a better move.

11. P to K R 3rd

B to K Kt 5th

12. Q R to Q sq

R to R 4th

13. K to R 2nd

Kt to Q sq

14. B to B sq

P to B 3rd

15. Q to Q 3rd

P to Q Kt 4th

16. Q to Kt 3rd

Kt to Kt 2nd

17. B to K 3rd

B takes Kt

18. P takes B

K Kt to R 4th

19. Q to K 2nd

Kt to B 4th

20. R to K Kt sq

WHITE (Allies).

BLACK (Mr. L.)

White scarcely can take the Knight, because after P takes B there is the threat of P to B 5th, winning the Bishop, and it could not be avoided easily.

21. P to Q R 3rd

P to Q R 4th

22. P takes Kt

Kt takes B

23. R to Q 3rd

Q to K 3rd

24. Kt to Kt sq

Kt to Kt sq

25. Q to B sq

Kt to B 5th

26. R to Q B 3rd

P to Q 4th

27. B takes Kt

Kt P takes B

28. P takes P

P takes P

29. R takes R (ch)

R takes R

30. Q takes P

Q to Kt 3rd

31. P takes P

P to K 5th

32. P takes P

P takes P

33. Kt to Q 2nd

P to K 6th

The end is now obvious, and is very nicely arranged. If 34. P takes P, P takes P, and there is B to Q 3rd (ch) to meet.

34. Kt to B 3rd

P to K 7th

35. Q to R sq

B to Q 3rd

36. R to B sq

Q to Q 6th

37. R to K sq

Q to K 6th

If 38. P takes Q, there is an easy mate in two moves. An elegant finish.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the name of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor will be pleased to consider column articles on subjects of topical interest, but he cannot assume responsibility for MSS. or Sketches submitted. MSS. of Poetry can on no account be returned.

CARCASSONNE.

Thackeray wrote that the "young lady" is not supposed to plight her affections to a sketch in *The Illustrated London News*, and it is not to be expected that our drawings of Carcassonne will plunge the general public into a study of fortification. They may suggest, however a little of the charm of one of the most interesting of mediaeval cities. Most people have heard of Carcassonne, though it has comparatively few visitors. This is strange, as it is close to a busy railway and easily visited by anyone making a tour in the Pyrenees. It sits quietly upon a little hill above the River Aude, and it has always been there. Historians may say that it was first begun when a Roman colony was established at Narbonne, but when you have been to it you will feel as you do on beholding Blake's drawing of "the Ancient of Days," that it must have been always. Among the works of man it will ever remain a distinguished embodiment of the idea of permanence.

When you climb the hill and go through the massive gateways, and ascend the little stairs to the broad flagstones of the *chemin de rondes* along the inside of the walls, you feel that Carcassonne is no dream city. It was built for no kingly crotchet: it was to be an impregnable fortress; and however much modern destructive invention may have changed such masses of masonry into a symbol, the symbol is so instinct with power that its sense of strength keeps out of one's head all thought of artillery practice. In a corner of one of the towers lie two huge stone catapult balls, one of them riven across in its fall. You try to lift them, and you feel the touch of the hands that shaped and carried them. The stone is cold, but yet your senses stir with a vivid whirl of ideas. (Little Monsieur Cals, the "gardien," has good vineyards by the ramparts, and he made you taste his wine just now—but that is parenthetical; and his short-legged dog, Taillou, shows no anxiety about you.) Let it be a day-dream, or what you will, it is there—the sails of fancy swell, and the air is full of noise and clamour. The Porte de l'Aude is being attacked vigorously by a force still gathering strength from Limoux, in the south, across the stone bridge. A breach has been made in the outer line of walls; there is a furious rush across the "lices," or interspace, and scaling-ladders are flung into position. From above, through the long meurtrières, or loopholes, the archers send their shafts, and boiling oil is poured on to the heads of the ladder-men. In St. Nazaire, the beautiful church of this fortress city, half Gothic and half Romanesque, the priests are chanting. Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows holds the painted image of the Christ upon her knees, and the marks upon the hands are very bright. Is it a splash of hot oil as a woman hurries by, or Taillou's bark, that wakes you? But though no crossbowmen are rushing through the streets, priests are still chanting in St. Nazaire when we reach it. The nave, which was probably finished by 1100, was left standing when Bishop Pierre de Roquefort pulled down the choir and transepts in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and raised his Gothic work upon the original plan. Though he borrowed, he paid heavy interest, however, and far from being a sign of deadness in his art, this adaptation of the early Romanesque plan lent a distinction to the Gothic structure which could not have been attained in any other way. The columns of the Sanctuary, decorated with statues of the Apostles, the numerous large and beautiful windows of the apse, and the glorious roses of the transepts all help to make St. Nazaire the *chef d'œuvre* Pierre de Roquefort intended.

There are more than fifty towers in the two oval lines of walls of many different types of construction. Some possess three floors below the battlements connected by stairways, sometimes within, sometimes without, and sometimes in the thickness of the wall itself. They range in date from the time of the Visigoths, but much of the present structure was erected in the thirteenth century under Louis IX., who attached very great importance to Carcassonne, and determined to make of it the chief bulwark of that part of his kingdom against the heretic lords of the southern provinces. His architect was Philippe le Hardi, who pushed on the work with great energy during the war with the King of Aragon. Carcassonne was the centre of the operations undertaken against the army of Aragon, and an assured refuge in case of defeat. The buildings of this period are faced in stones cut on the angles and forming rough bosses, which give a sturdy appearance. The mouldings are finely and yet plainly cut, so that the profiles of the loopholes, doorways, and corbels are at once simple and large. The keystones of the vaults of one of the towers are ornamented by carved figures showing the characteristic imagery of the time of Saint Louis. The principal entrance, called the Porte Narbonnaise, has two large towers strengthened by "bees," or "spurs," intended to keep the assailant away from the point most open to attack, to force him to show himself, to make the ram swerve aside, and to oppose a greater resistance to the mine. The other important entrance is that of the Porte de l'Aude on the south-west. It was made in the wall of the Visigoths in the twelfth century.

Within the walls of the city there are but a few old houses remaining and three wells. One of the latter is large, with a beautiful stone margin surmounted by three little pillars, the whole dating from the fourteenth century. The well itself is very much older still, but is now filled up. The preservation of Carcassonne is largely due to the energy and enthusiasm of Viollet-le-Duc, whose work of careful restoration was not allowed to stop at his death, but has been zealously continued in the same spirit by the French Government. Modern innovations are not always satisfactory, but it would be difficult to find a fitter place for the erection of a monument to this illustrious architect. The talent of Jean Paul Laurens greets the visitor on the walls in an affiche of a local liqueur, and we should not be sorry to see that of his friend Rodin employed on a statue of Viollet-le-Duc. In the plain below on the other side of the river is the large modern town, with its "Place Carnot" and fountain in white marble. There are a few old houses of the fourteenth and fifteenth century, and a cathedral with an unusually large Gothic vault.—A. H. F.

CARCASSONNE, THE ANCIENT BULWARK CITY NEAR THE PYRENEES.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CARCASSONNE.



The Porte de Narbonne.



Looking from the South-East.



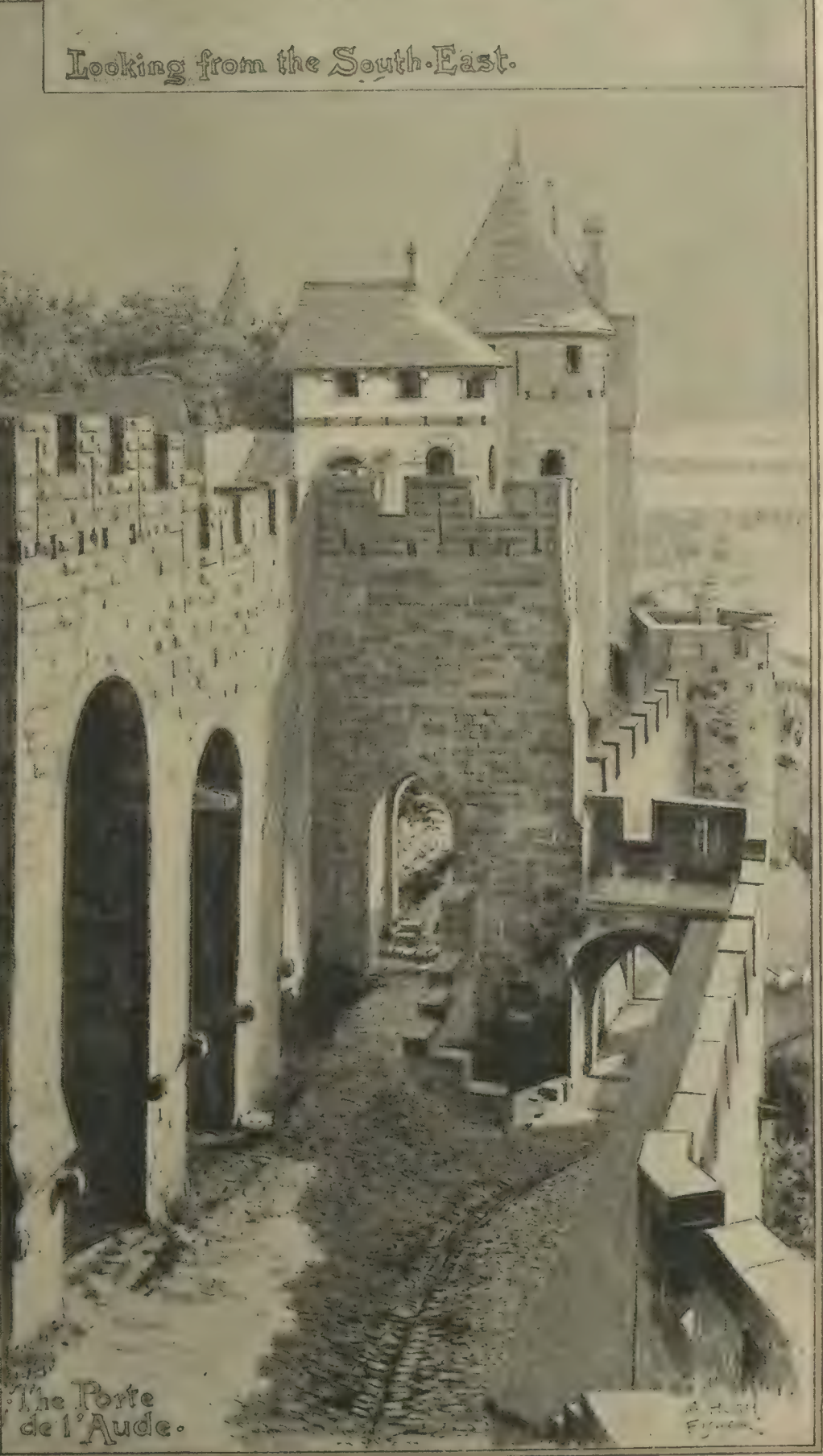
The little Lize.



The Tower of the Inquisition.



The Château.



The Porte de l'Aude.

THE CYCLONE IN SICILY: SCENES IN THE DEVASTATED DISTRICT.



CLEARING ST. MARY'S CHURCH, AT MODICA, OF DÉBRIS.



THE FLOODED CHURCH OF ST. MARY OF BETHLEHEM AT MODICA



SCENE OF THE DEVASTATION NEAR THE CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE AT MODICA.

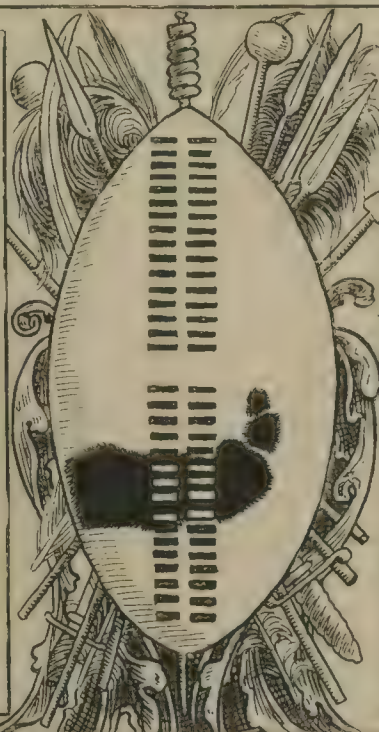


SCENE IN THE PIAZZA SAN PIETRO AT MODICA.

The cyclone which burst on September 26 over Modica, a town of 50,000 inhabitants near Syracuse, did incalculable damage. The torrent swept across the town, destroying many houses and sacrificing at least 300 lives. When the flood subsided somewhat, a scene of the wildest desolation prevailed, churches and public buildings being filled with mud and debris. The military authorities promptly undertook the work of salvage.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH BOUNDARY SETTLEMENT MISSION TO THE GOLD COAST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. J. G. FORBES, MEDICAL OFFICER TO THE ENGLISH COMMISSIONERS.



CORONATION DAY AT THE FRENCH POST AT BONNA: HOISTING THE TRICOLOUR AND UNION JACK AT NOON.

ON THE HOUSETOPS AT BONFU: A CHIEF HOLDING A PALAVER TO ARRANGE ABOUT THE FOOD SUPPLY OF THE COMMISSION.

A RUINED MOSQUE AT BONNA.

A TYPICAL BONNA DWELLING.

THE KING OF BONNA VISITING THE FRENCH POST.

Showing the interior of the compound enclosed by a number of round huts.

The King is under his umbrella; the State Drummer appears in the foreground.

THE PROGRESS OF THE NEW ADMIRALTY HARBOUR WORKS AT DOVER.

SKETCHES BY C. DE LACY, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DOVER.



AN IDLE DAY: THE WORKS STOPPED BY HEAVY SEAS.

SHOREWARD END OF THE NEW EASTERN ARM, NOW ALMOST COMPLETED.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE EASTERN ARM, AS VIEWED FROM THE HARBOR.
GENERAL VIEW OF THE HARBOUR WORKS AS THEY WILL APPEAR WHEN THE EXTENSIONS ARE COMPLETED.

THE TRAVELLING CRANE AND THE ELECTRIC CONCRETE-MIXER.
The electric mixer, resembling huge churns on pivots, pass up and down the box moulds depositing concrete for the enormous building blocks. The mixers are within the locomotive iron shed on the right.

THE BALLAST-LIFT.

THE SEA END OF THE EASTERN ARM, SHOWING THE PILES CONNECTED BY STEEL GIRDERS AND STAYS.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Just-So Stories: For Little Children. By Rudyard Kipling. (London: Macmillan. 6s.)
The River. By Eden Phillpotts. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
The Rommany Stone. By J. H. Yoxall, M.P. (London: Longmans. 6s.)
My Lady Peggy Goes to Town. By Frances Ajmar Mathews. (London: Grant Richards. 6s.)
Second Strings. By A. D. Godley. (London: Methuen. 2s. 6d.)
A Man of Sentiment. By Thomas Cobb. (London: Grant Richards. 6s.)
The Wayfarers. By J. C. Snaith. (London: Ward, Lock. 6s.)
Sport and Politics under an Eastern Sky. By the Earl of Ronaldshay. (London: Blackwoods. 21s.)
Photography as a Fine Art: The Achievements and Possibilities of the Photographic Art. By Charles H. Caffin. Illustrated. (London: Grant Richards. 10s. 6d.)

The gossiping paragraphists say that Mr. Kipling's children are, on their mother's side, American. The fact, baldly stated, is not of thrilling interest, but it is of more importance when considered in connection with these up-to-date fairy tales. One sees at once how the author has come to form the idea that children like their humour slangy and elliptic. The "Just-So Stories" have obviously been written for the benefit of the little Kiplings, and not for the little Smiths and the little Robinsons. It would be a treat to see a little Smith puzzling over this haphazard paragraph: "Most shocking!" said the Neolithic ladies, and they filled the Stranger-man's hair with mud (at which he was surprised), and they beat upon the Reverberating Tribal Drums, and called together all the chiefs of the Tribe of Tegumai, with their Hetmans and Dolmans, all Neguses, Woons, and Akhoonds of the organisation, in addition to the Warlocks, Angekoks, Juju-men, Bonzes, and the rest..." Had the story been intended for Grown-ups, Mr. Kipling would have been safe enough: nothing pleases Grown-ups more than to read something that they do not understand. But children, since the delights of literary priggishness are unknown to them, have an awkward way of saying what they think about a book, and of yawning when they feel bored by it. Some of these stories, however, are funny enough to please the dullest infant—such a one is "The Elephant's Child." But far better than the stories are the illustrations, drawn by the author himself. The fantastic sketch reproduced on this page is sufficient to show that Mr. Kipling has the family talent for draughtsmanship. The verses, on the other hand, are indifferent; one searches in vain for a companion poem to the beautiful "Seal Lullaby." On the whole, it is evidently high time that the author left off playing with his talents and got to work again. As he says himself—

The camel's hump is an ugly lump,
Which well you may see at the Zoo;
But uglier yet is the hump we get
From having too little to do.

Just so!

Every reader who is familiar with the novels of Mr. Eden Phillpotts knows how well he writes of scenery, and especially of Devon. Take up "The River," and you are not surprised to find eloquent descriptions of the Dart. It is a hungry river—hungry for human life—and you have a reasonable belief that one or more of the characters in the story will slip into the Dart and make a tragedy. They are simple country folk, free from all artificial conventions. Nicholas Edgecumbe is a warrener who wins the affections of a publican's daughter. She is wheedled into a marriage with a farmer, and when this turns out a failure she makes no secret of her desire that the other lover shall take her as the prize of an ordeal by battle. Such is the primitive instinct that springs to light on the banks of the Dart. The story takes another course, which the reader will pursue with interest, not, perhaps, of an absorbing kind. All the characters are undeniably well drawn; but somehow they lack a certain magnetic touch. We are not deeply moved by the love affairs of Nicholas and Hannah, or by the wiles of her worthless husband, Timothy. He comes to a bad end, but it is not exciting. The gossip of the rural oracles is amusing, but only moderately. In a word, Mr. Phillpotts's chronicles of Devon are rather tame beside certain chronicles of Wessex, with which they challenge comparison. But they have merits which command respect; above all, the merit of artistic and patient workmanship.

With the exception of Sir Gilbert Parker and formerly Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. Yoxall, we believe, is the only member of Parliament who writes fiction. He has taken to it suddenly; but readers of "The Rommany Stone" will soon perceive that he is to the manner born, and an excellent manner too. We trust this will not damage Mr. Yoxall in the esteem of his constituents; indeed, there is no reason why it should. "The Rommany Stone" is a capital story from first to last, and it contains one character which, in a certain vein of humour, has had no counterpart since Gilead P. Beck delighted us in "The Golden Butterfly." Mr. Jeruel C. Chilcutt, in search of his ancestors and the ancestral castle in Derbyshire, is a perpetual joy, and the remarkable circumstances in which he discovers his family should agreeably surprise the most expert novel-reader. The period of Mr. Yoxall's story is the opening year of the nineteenth century, when the rural clergy were much

troubled by the spread of Methodism. We have a quaint portrait of an impecunious rector, a Justice of the Peace, who lives in terror of the bailiffs, and refuses to issue a warrant to a Bow Street runner with Methodist convictions. The Justice of the Peace washes his hands of a case in which a fugitive from the law is dogged by a Methodist police officer. Mr. Yoxall writes of gipsies with sympathetic knowledge, and his gipsy-girl is a most charming little person. In short, it is much more profitable and amusing to read "The Rommany Stone" than to read Parliamentary speeches even by the raciest of members.

We forgive much that is stupid and absurd in "My Lady Peggy Goes to Town" because of the amusement her Ladyship affords us in the course of her escapade. Lady Peggy Burgoyne, Kennaston of Kennaston's twin sister, has a lover, her brother's friend, Sir Percy de Bohun, of whose imagined attentions to the Lady Diana Brookwood she is deeply jealous. Therefore, she treats him scornfully, and plays off against him another admirer whom she has met abroad—to wit, Sir Robin McTart. It is in order to keep an eye upon Sir Percy that she contrives to slip away from the ancestral home in Kent to her brother's lodging in London, and one of her first pranks on her arrival is to get into a suit of greys which she has brought as a present for Kennaston, and to masquerade as a gallant, audaciously assuming the name and title of Sir Robin McTart himself. When we say that she dismisses her maid Chockey, that her arrival in London is unknown to her brother, and that neither he nor Sir Percy is acquainted with the appearance of McTart, it will be understood that the fun from this point waxes as fast and furious as any farce of errors upon the modern stage.



"OLD MAN KANGAROO," DRAWN BY RUDYARD KIPLING TO ILLUSTRATE ONE OF HIS "JUST-SO STORIES."

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

We will not discover how everything comes right, or the part Mr. Brummell is made to play in Lady Peggy's adventures. Enough that, in spite of its absurdity, and indeed because of it, the story is entertaining reading.

Mr. Godley's delightful muse, though claiming in her latest performance to touch only "Second Strings," must nevertheless be held to play first lyre (Apollo forbid that we should say first fiddle!) in the academic orchestra. In the new collection, Ruskin Hall, Extension, Intercollegiate competition, "Soccer" and other curious manifestations of the modern spirit receive their meed of song, if not of praise, and none is more faithfully dealt with than the archæological method of history which inspires a "New Ode to a Grecian Urn"—

I see Extensionists in scores
Before that relic sit,
Imbibing Greek through all their pores
By contemplating it.
For 'tis not verse and 'tis not prose,
But earthenware alone
It is that ultimately shows
What men have thought and done.

There is a sprightliness about Mr. Thomas Cobb's narrative which is not often met with, and in "A Man of Sentiment" his nimble wit is displayed to full advantage. The irresponsible hero, with his empty pockets and generous sentiments, is excellent in his way. Where a less skilled writer would have drawn a mountebank, Mr. Cobb has given us a man. This is well, for the story revolves around Mr. Jack Donovan; and the attitude of the heiress who loves him, of her brother, who not unnaturally objects to the alliance, and of Eileen, his protégée and admirer,

seems natural enough. The final sorting is likewise deserving of praise, even though it savours somewhat of legerdemain. In real life things do not often fall out so comfortably for everyone concerned; but then real life is just the one thing which, in his wisdom, Mr. Cobb is careful to avoid. He knows that his readers do not need to come to him for that: wearied with its stress and strain, they turn—and not in vain—to his pages for amusement and relaxation. And they get both in the volume under notice.

Mr. Snaith has written the adventures of a dare-devil nobleman of the eighteenth century, who elopes with the lady of his heart and wanders with her in highways and byways as if they were a couple of vagrants. The nobleman has killed a cornet of the Blues in a duel, and is wanted by the law. The lady, a most spirited young woman, has fled from her father, who is bent on marrying her to the wrong suitor. The lover has nothing to offer his lady, he avers, "but my blasted reputation, my destitute condition, my debts, my crimes," and she cheerfully accepts him as "the wickedest man in England," or "not far removed from that state." They meet some interesting people in their wanderings, including an original highwayman and Mr. Henry Fielding. The author of "Tom Jones" is discovered in a drinking bout with a county magistrate, and makes himself agreeable to the fugitive nobleman, and still more agreeable to the fugitive lady. Mr. Fielding tries to kiss her (Tom Jones in the same situation would have done no less), but her husband admits that the eminent author behaved on the whole like "a true gentleman." This testimony to Fielding's character is very satisfactory. He was drunk, no doubt, but such was the custom of the period. Mr. Snaith handles his theme with much buoyancy, and the story moves along at an exhilarating pace, quite in keeping with the spirit of the nobleman who killed the cornet of the Blues, and escaped from the police after an exciting chase over the tiles in Jermyn Street.

In "Sport and Politics under an Eastern Sky" Lord Ronaldshay figures in two capacities: as the sportsman indifferent to risk and hardship in pursuit of the markhor, ibex, burhel, and other Himalayan game of great desire, and as the shrewd, discreet traveller in regions little trodden by Europeans hitherto, but likely in the near future to possess high political importance. The author's enthusiasm for sport led him into high altitudes at a season when the majority of sportsmen are glad to turn their faces to the plains; and it must be said that his trying winter journey to Boonji and back was, in its very nature, one more likely to be productive of discomfort and adventure than of trophies. The sporting section of this handsome book furnishes the graphic picture of mountain work which comes from the pen of a keen observer who appreciates the significance of trivial detail; Lord Ronaldshay did nothing with his rifle that has not been done often before, but his narrative is welcome for its freshness and fidelity. The latter portion of the work, describing the author's journey along the northern border of Beluchistan and through the little-known eastern districts of Persia to the Caspian, is not less pleasant reading than the former part, but it contains much of real importance. Lord Ronaldshay has no illusions concerning the value of Russian promises, and he is fully alive to the real trend of Muscovite diplomatic operations in the Shah's dominions. "If we are to maintain our position in Asia," he says candidly, "Persia must not become a Russian province."

He has studied carefully all that the ablest authorities have said on the subject, and applies the knowledge so derived to his own personal observations gained by intercourse with Persian chiefs. Two excellent maps accompany the book, which is well illustrated from photographs taken by the author.

Mr. Caffin sets forth in his "Photography as a Fine Art" the share that art has to take in the work of the camera. The comparison of the guileless organ-grinder to the "artistic" photographer is irresistible, but it is not just. True, the word "art" was jumped at somewhat too hastily. The "studio" turned out photographs that had a false air of "high art." Mr. Caffin treats these with the merited scorn; but he succeeds in convincing us fully—that the eye of the painter may lend its vision to the camera, that a photographer who has perception of nature has all the tones and all the lights of the black-and-white convention to play with in photography; nay, if he be master of something more than perception—of insight itself—he may endow the photograph with something of the power and spirit of his vision. The photograph, directed by art, can not only generalise—it can generalise with some effect of imagination. Mr. Caffin claims much, as the reader will see, but not more than his illustrations fairly prove. He relates how a little girl of twelve chose, because it was "so real," a landscape arrangement by Mr. Steichen (a work of art it undoubtedly is) to any of the literal, sharp, and good-looking photographs from nature as the ordinary photographer produces them. Apparently the literalness of these customary prints "had not conveyed an equal suggestion of reality." Mr. Caffin's book is both a very intelligent and a very handsome one.

THE KING'S RECENT VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY W. A. DONNELLY, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT NORTH BERWICK.



THE KING PLANTING A MEMORIAL TREE IN THE MARKET SQUARE OF NORTH BERWICK, OCTOBER 10.

The Market Square at North Berwick was filled by an enthusiastic concourse of townspeople when his Majesty returned from his visit to the golf links and planted a memorial tree. After the ceremony the crowd sang the National Anthem. Before leaving the town, his Majesty signed his name in the Minute-Book of the Town Council.

THE WILD FOWL SEASON: CATCHING WILD DUCK BY THE DECOY.

DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.



WILD DUCK ENTERING A DECOY POND AT DAYBREAK.

THE WILD FOWL SEASON: SCENES ON THE GRANGE DECOY, ESSEX.

THESE PHOTOGRAPHS WERE TAKEN BY PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETOR, MR. WILLIAM SEWELL, OF TILLINGHAM HALL, SOUTHMINSTER.



WHEN THE FOWLER SHOWS HIMSELF: FLIGHT OF FOWL THROUGH THE PIPE TO THE PURSE NET



SIDE VIEW OF A DECOY-PIPE.



THE END OF A PIPE: THE PURSE NET.



THE FINAL SCENE: EMPTYING THE BAG NET.

THE MOTOR-CAR AS A MILITARY AUXILIARY.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



LORD ROBERTS ON A MOTOR-CAR AT ALDERSHOT.

The new corps of Automobile Volunteers seeks to attract to its ranks owners of motor-cars. The chief work of the body will be the conveyance of staff officers in the field, the carrying of despatches, and the laying of telegraph lines. Balloon service also enters into the programme.

NOW! IS THE WATCHWORD OF THE WISE!! NOW! IS THE CONSTANT SWING OF THE PENDULUM OF TIME!

You can change the course of the trickling stream, but not the rolling river. It will defy all your tiny efforts. The Pilot can so steer and direct as to bring the ship into safety, but he cannot quell the raging storm.

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It allays Nervous Excitement, Sleeplessness, Depression, and restores the Nervous System to its proper condition. It is Pleasant, Cooling, Health-giving, Refreshing, and Invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the Blood Pure and free from Disease. It should be in every bed-room and traveller's bag (for any emergency). It acts as simply, yet just as powerfully, on the animal system as sunshine does on the vegetable world, and removes all foetid or poisonous matter (the groundwork of disease) from the Blood by Natural Means. Always does good—never any harm.

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There is no doubt that where Eno's 'Fruit Salt' has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has, in innumerable instances, prevented a Serious Illness. Its effect upon any Disordered and Feverish Condition is Simply Marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

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LADIES' PAGE.

After long deliberation the Roman Catholic hierarchy has decided that Joan of Arc is not to be made a saint. Considering the circumstances of her death, it would have been ironical to have decided now to canonise the Maid of Orleans. In the heart of humanity few figures hold a more truly revered place than the simple peasant girl who saved her country by a feat of arms that is to this day a marvel to students of the art of war. A full account of Jeanne's exploits as a commander is to be found in Sir E. Creasy's "Decisive Battles of the World"; and it is there stated that the taking of Orleans had been considered absolutely impossible until she achieved it. From the official record of her trial recently translated, we learn that the Bishop of Beauvais, Pierre de Cauchon, was a worse enemy to the girl who believed that she had been inspired by Heaven to save her country than the rough English soldiers whom she had checked in their victorious career. It is stated that she was put in an iron cage, in which she was held by the neck, the hands, and the feet; and though she was removed from this when her trial began, she was kept from day to day in Rouen Castle, heavily fettered and chained to a block of wood. She was but nineteen years old when she expiated her devotion to her country in the flames. Yet her character was already a strong and individual one. She drove women of bad character away from the army and was stern towards the soldiers if they behaved badly to the non-combatant population; but when other good women crowded round her and begged to be allowed to kiss her hand as that of a holy personage, she laughed impatiently, and told them that she was no better than themselves. She never drew her own sword to kill, marking herself out for danger by bearing her flag in preference; yet she alighted and wept over the wounds of an English soldier and dressed them with her own hand, and wept for herself too when she was badly hurt with an arrow. The record of her trial—the smooth and wily judges putting forth every casuistic art to entrap her, and the unlettered girl baffling them by simple, straightforward, and courageous truthfulness, with the evidence of her own country people, and of her companions in the field, as to her upright and devout behaviour—makes a wonderful story, and one cannot but marvel that the "voice" that so long led and directed her was not able (or was it not desirous?) to deliver her from the snare. "Elle était de ce monde où les plus belle choses ont le pire destin." It is interesting to learn that her mother bore in her heart the love of her murdered daughter so strong and living that it was that mother's insistence that made the Pope reopen the trial of Jeanne twenty years after her death.

Madame Zola, I am told, was to her husband all that a home-making companion can be, and kept off all the petty worries of existence from the sensitive brain of the thinker.



AN ANTIQUE COFFER.

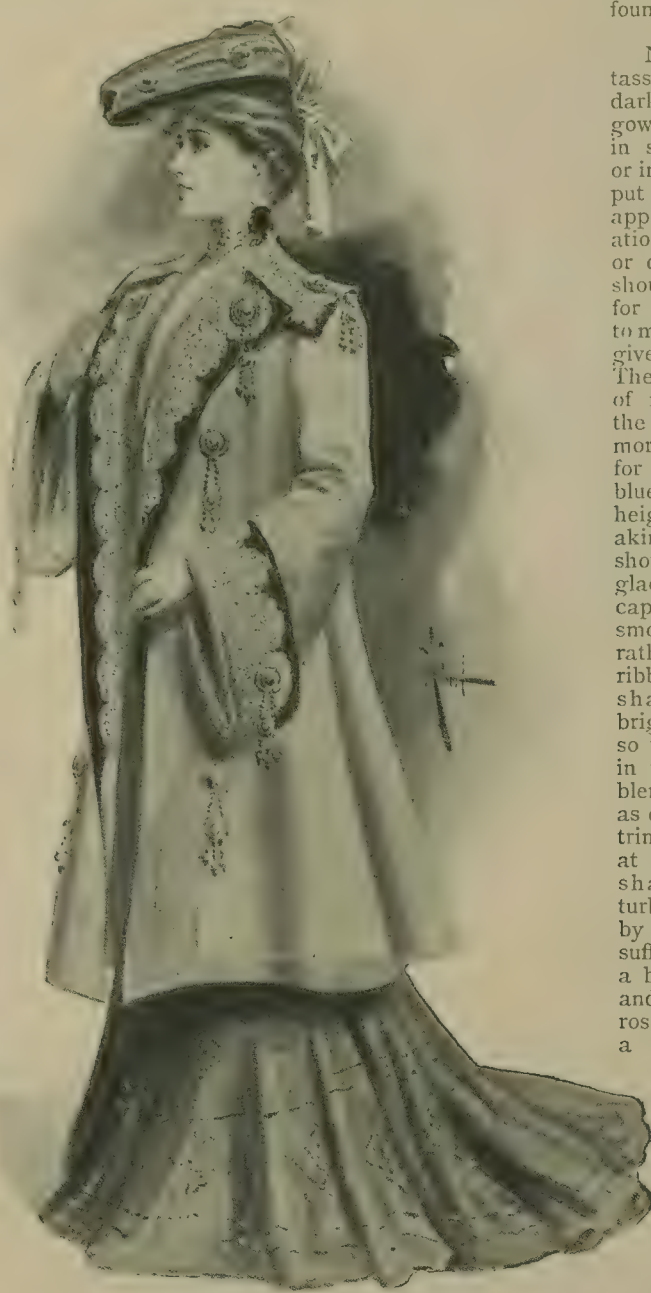
The solid silver-gilt casket here illustrated was presented on Oct. 6 to Colonel J. F. Brocklehurst, C.B., C.V.O. (Equerry to her Majesty Queen Alexandra), by the borough of Macclesfield. It is of ancient coffer form, and bears the recipient's arms. The cover is surmounted by a beautifully modelled figure of Victory.

Lord Tennyson, Professor Huxley, and many others have testified to the similar help that they were given, which is unto the wearied working brain as the upholding of the hands of Moses by Aaron and Hur was to the praying prophet, who wearied not, so helped, until the fight was won. Or it is like the aid that the little, seemingly insignificant steam-tug lends the mighty ocean-going ship. It has breasted the great waves and dared the peril of the deep, but into harbour it glides by the aid of the tiny, almost hidden vessel that threads the crowded ways, setting aside the small craft that would obstruct the path, till it clears the road for the

the tailors introduce to brighten their dark cloth gowns. In the hats, the vivid colour appears chiefly in the form of fruit; perhaps as tiny oranges, that have a right to be yellow, but often in some nondescript cluster, shaped like peaches or apricots, but made by the tint unlike anything real on sea or land. Dahlias, again, appear frequently in that brilliant guise. A tiny twist of mandarin yellow velvet on a hat or at the front and cuffs of a dark tweed gown is quite sufficient to lighten it up. A very vivid green is also much used for the like purpose. White felt, by the way, is particularly good trimmed with the new yellow; and autumn leaves in many tones of red also come well on the snowy white foundation.



A PICTURESQUE COSTUME FOR THE AUTUMN.



THE FASHIONABLE COAT.

Narrow cords and tassels, sometimes in a dark tone to match the gown, but more frequently in some bright contrast, or in gold or silver thread, put in the most frequent appearance of any decoration of the hour. Triple or double capes over the shoulders are much used for indoor gowns, though to my thinking they always give an outdoor aspect. The capes in silk, instead of in the cloth of which the costume is made, are more dressy. The fancy for combining green and blue has mounted to a height that is already akin to vulgarity; but a shot-green and blue glacé silk in three-fold capes upon a dark blue smooth cloth dress was rather *chic*. Some new ribbons are produced that shade gradually from bright green to deep blue, so that rosettes made up in it give the fashionable blend, and can be used as choux on the gown or trimmings for the chapeau at choice. The Toreador shape, practically a turban, is liked in felt by some; and this is sufficiently trimmed with a big shot-ribbon rosette and a quill or two. Flat rosettes, like those of a coachman's cockade, are also made to trim these hats, but on a very big scale; and these flat rosettes are centred with a fancy paste button or other ornament.

Our Illustrations show a three-quarter length coat trimmed with

lace, velvet, and tassels; and a cloth costume with double skirt for autumn wear.

Our Illustrations show a three-quarter length coat trimmed with

Far more rarely, the woman of great abilities finds a man who is content to serve her and aid her genius as so many wives will aid their husbands. Would more women attain greatness, I wonder, were more such men forthcoming? Two very strong illustrations occur—two cases in which women had the rare good fortune of finding a husband who gloried in the woman's work, and gladly helped it as the chief and joyful duty of his life—and the women so sustained came to high repute and reflected their fame on their generous and devoted partners. These are Marian Evans ("George Eliot") and Mary Somerville. It is well known that George Henry Lewes gave "George Eliot" every possible assistance; that he corrected her proofs, corresponded with her publishers, and guarded her from every shock and trouble that he could intercept. Some of the people who visited their house thought that he carried his care of her to a ridiculous extent, "treating her as if she were an idol and he the high priest," said one rival novelist—another woman, of course. But under this fostering, tender care George Eliot became great. Mrs. Somerville's husband was himself a man of science, and according to his daughter he also possessed "a singularly pure and correct literary style. Not having the slightest ambition for himself, he was far happier in helping my mother in various ways, searching the libraries for the books she required, indefatigably copying and recopying her manuscripts to save her time—no trouble seemed too great that he bestowed upon her; it was a labour of love." Is it cause or effect that the two wives so helped stand so high in reputation for their achievements? But even the kindest and most sympathetic of husbands cannot take on himself the household vexations and interruptions, and guard his wife from trivial but distracting worries of that nature.

Men, alas! cannot dress prettily nowadays—at one time they had the best of it there, too—and that is certainly a source of diversion and consolation in a troublesome world. To many women, new dresses form the chief novelty of their existence; and well do the arbiters of fashion take care that variety shall be provided for us in that direction. One of the novelties of the moment is the free use of a rich orange or mandarin yellow in millinery, and for the small bits of colour that

Pope has told us that to complete the spendthrift's ruin it is only necessary for him to "have a taste"; but some lucky people can combine having a taste with present respectable good citizenship and possible eventual profit. Such are the expert collectors of old china, whose "taste," charming in itself, is necessarily combined with a home to keep the treasures in, and who may feel certain of the increasing value of their well-chosen "bits." To aid each other in judging and understanding their subject, several well-known amateurs of old china have formed "The Ceramic and Art Collectors' Society," Mrs. Croly, Bolton Mansions Hotel, being the hon. sec. The society is confined to amateurs, no dealer or person buying or selling for business being eligible. The members meet to study each others' collections, and to read papers on their hobby. My readers sharing this taste will be glad to learn, details from Mrs. Croly.

FILOMENA.



A PRESENTATION CASKET.

The solid silver-gilt casket figured above was presented on Oct. 6 to Lieut.-Colonel C. H. Beck, C.B., by the borough of Macclesfield. It is decorated with embossed and enamelled panels bearing a Tudor rose, and on the centre panel the Colonel's arms are enamelled in heraldic colours. Both caskets are the work of Messrs. Streeter and Co., 18, New Bond Street.

The Parisian Diamond Company.

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"... What lovely woman would do at this juncture without the pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company, who could say? "It has been unquestionably proved that even experts are deceived by the lustrous colour and quality of these pearls."

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(NEW YORK.)

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ECCLESIASTICAL
NOTES.

The Bishop of Stepney preached the harvest festival sermon at the Church of St. James-the-Less, Bethnal Green. The Bishop takes a warm interest in the very successful work which the Rev. J. E. Watts Ditchfield, the Vicar, is carrying on amongst working men. The attendance at the men's service is steadily growing, and is kept up well during the summer weeks. Mr. Watts Ditchfield makes it a rule to give the address himself on most Sundays, but once in two or three months he tries to secure a noted man, such as the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, Archdeacon Sinclair, or Dean Farrar. He finds that this requires careful arrangement, as the men like to hear the person they see in their own homes and in the streets, even if he is not an orator. "The parson," said a man, "asked me to come to church, and when I got there he had given another cove the job, and I didn't like it."

The Bishop of Stepney will preach to some two thousand members of the London Diocesan Church Lads' Brigade in St. Paul's Cathedral on Monday, Oct. 20. The choir will be furnished by Christ Church, Lancaster Gate.

St. John's Hall, Highbury, the well-known Anglican Theological College, shows signs of increasing vigour, the entries for the present term amounting to fifty. The Rev. R. Catterall, Vicar of St. Augustine's, Highbury New Park, has been giving a series of valuable addresses on "The Ministerial Office." The Principal has been laid aside for some weeks owing to an accident which happened to him at the close of the summer term.



Photo. Beilby, Leamington.

THE UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AT LEAMINGTON, OCTOBER 11.

The statue, which is the work of Mr. Albert Toft, has been erected in front of the Town Hall. The cost is £1500. The inaugural ceremony was performed by Lord Leigh.

There was a very large attendance at the recent C.M.S. farewell meetings for missionaries at Exeter Hall. The number of lady doctors who are devoting themselves to the society's service is decidedly on the increase. Several speakers at the meetings mentioned that it is owing to the help and influence of these lady medical missionaries that so many important changes

Cathedral during October and November. The Chapter was fully represented at the funeral of Canon Rawlinson.

The late Prebendary Tucker held for twenty years the stall of Wenlocksbarne in St. Paul's Cathedral, and this preferment has now been conferred by the Bishop of London on Bishop Montgomery, the present Secretary of the S.P.G.

Canon Page Roberts is in residence at Canterbury in residence at Canterbury

Dean Pigou, who has been taking charge of two country parishes in Somersetshire during his holiday, is again in residence at the Deanery. Bishop Browne has returned to the Palace at Redland from the Continent.

About seven hundred guests from all parts of the county of Durham were present at the Bishop's recent garden-party at Auckland Castle. The state rooms were all open, and many of the visitors were shown over the beautiful chapel, which is the burying-place of the Bishops of Durham. As the weather was fine, the grounds and park at Auckland Castle presented a gay scene.

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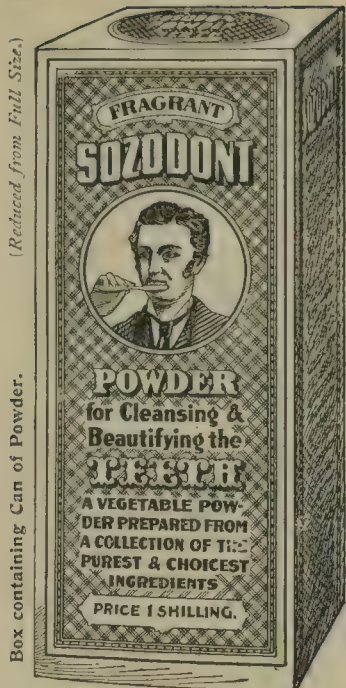
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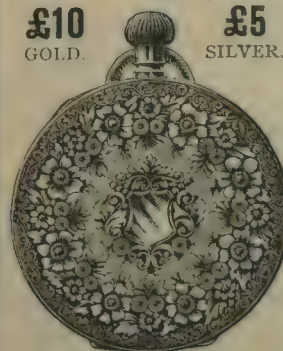
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 15, 1899) of Mr. John Robbins, F.C.S., F.R.I., of 57, Warrington Crescent, Maida Vale, who died on Aug. 8, was proved on Oct. 3 by Mrs. Louisa Mary Robbins, the widow, and Percy John Robbins and Harold Northway Robbins, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £113,371. The testator gives £200 and the furniture, plate, pictures, etc., to his wife; and £20 each to his children. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, to pay £1000 per annum to Mrs. Robbins during her widowhood, or of £500 per annum should she again marry; and the remainder of the income is to be accumulated until his youngest child attains twenty-five years of age, when one quarter of the income is to be paid to his wife and the ultimate residue to his children. On the death of Mrs. Robbins his property is to be equally divided between his children.

The will (dated Jan. 23, 1890), with a codicil (dated June 10, 1901), of Mr. Henry Hurtle, of Hunters' Hall, Old Malton, Yorkshire, who died on July 6, has been proved by Frederick Dickinson Hurtle, Joseph Ellis Hurtle, and Edward Hurtle, the nephews, the value of the estate being £69,961. The testator bequeaths £1000 stock of the London and North-Western Railway Company, an annuity of £500, and the use of his household furniture to his wife, Mrs. Helen Hurtle; and £100 each to his cousins Mary Ann Lee, Emma Dickinson, and Ellen Ballans, and to John Addison. During the life of his wife the income from the residue of his property is to be paid to his said three nephews and to his niece Agnes Helen Hurtle, and on her decease, £17,000 odd railway stock is to be held,

upon trust, for his said niece, and the ultimate residue divided between his three nephews.

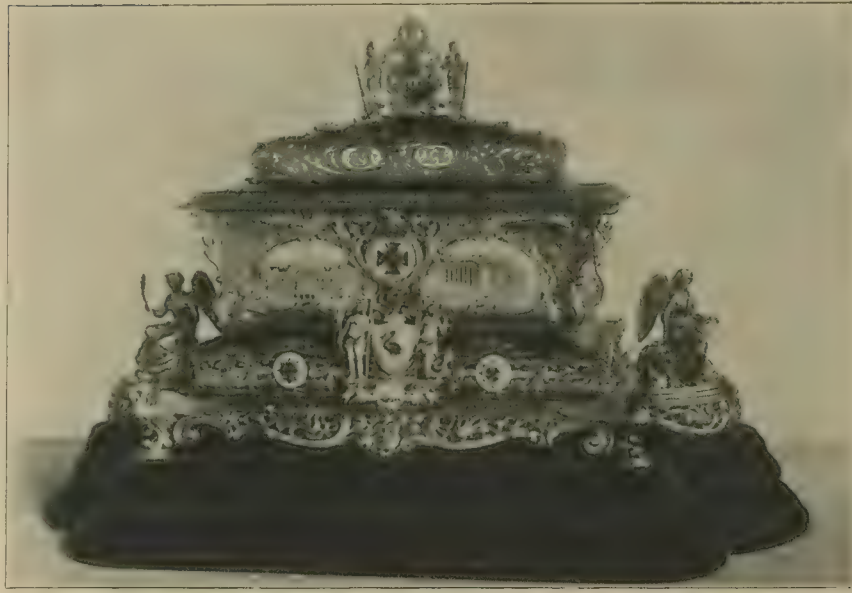
The will (dated May 10, 1887), with a codicil (dated Oct. 11, 1901), of Charles Cornwallis Neville, fifth Lord Braybrooke, of Braybrooke, Northampton, and Audley End, Saffron Walden, who died on June 7, was proved on Oct. 7 by Florence Priscilla Alicia, Lady Braybrooke, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate

being £107,600. The testator bequeaths a mortgage for £5000, stock of the value of £2500, and certain money at his bankers, in trust, to pay £180 per annum to Mrs. Gertrude Coe, and subject thereto for Captain Lionel Pringle. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated July 8, 1875), with four codicils (dated July 31, 1882; Dec. 8, 1888; Dec. 26, 1896; and July 29, 1902), of Mr. Charles Bulmer, of Saltwell Hall, Gateshead, and St. Mary's Mount, Peebles, who died on Aug. 20, was proved on Oct. 7 by Mrs. Mary Ann Bulmer, the widow, William Gibson, and Thomas Sharp Stott, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £64,780. The testator bequeaths £700, the household furniture, and during her widowhood an annuity of £250 to his wife; £200 to William Gibson; and £100 to Thomas Sharp Stott. The residue of his property is to be equally divided between his children.

The will (dated June 18, 1901) of Mrs. Delia Machin, of Gateford Hill, Worksop, Notts, who died on Jan. 15, has been proved by Henry Vessey Machin and William Vessey Machin, the sons, the value of the estate amounting to £40,008. The testatrix gives £5000 each to her sons William and George; £2000 and her household furniture to her son Henry; and £1000 each to her sons Edward and Arthur. All other her estate and effects she leaves between her sons Henry, William, and George, and her daughters Delia, Mary, and Elizabeth.

The will (dated March 23, 1901), with a codicil (dated Feb. 28, 1902), of Mr. Samuel Jones, of Oaklands, East Retford, Notts, Town Clerk and Registrar of the County Court, who died on March 29, has been proved by Mrs. Sarah Witton Jones, the widow, William Percival Jones,



CASKET PRESENTED TO LORD ROBERTS BY THE CITY OF LIVERPOOL.

The casket, which is of 18-carat gold, bears six painted enamel views, the arms of Lord Roberts and of Liverpool, and an inscription. The base is of solid silver-gilt, with finely modelled allegorical groups at the ends representing War and Peace. This fine specimen of goldsmith's art was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, London, W.

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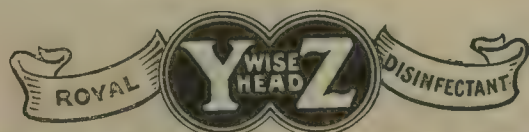
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the son, and Miss Maud Mary Jones, the daughter, the value of the estate being £38,657. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his daughter; his share and interest in his partnership business to his son; £250 and the income from £10,000, or of £13,000 should she cease to reside at Oaklands, to his wife; and a few small legacies to relatives. The residue of his property he leaves as to three fifths to his son and two fifths, upon trust, for his daughter.

The will (dated April 20, 1894) of Mr. Henry Riversdale Grenfell, of Bacres, Hambledon, Bucks, formerly M.P. for Stoke-on-Trent, a director and past Governor of the Bank of England, who died on Sept. 11, was proved on Oct. 6 by Edward Charles Grenfell, the son and acting executor, the value of the estate amounting to £37,300. The testator leaves all his property to his wife, Mrs. Alethea Louisa Grenfell, for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated July 12, 1902) of Mr. Edward Bagehot Schwann, of Park House, Wimbledon, who died on Sept. 7, was proved on Oct. 6 by Henry Sigismund Schwann and Ernest Schwann,



REMAINS OF A ROMAN WALL DISCOVERED DURING THE DEMOLITION OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

the brothers, the value of the estate being £20,370. The testator bequeaths £5000 to Miss Rita Fox; £500 to Russell Scott junior; and £200 to Richard Teichmann. The residue of his property he leaves as to one moiety to his mother, and the other moiety between his brothers and sisters, Henry, Ernest, Isabel, Mabel, Winifred, and Maria.

ROMAN REMAINS IN NEWGATE STREET.

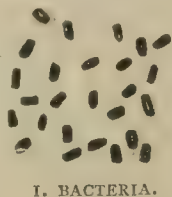
During the demolition of the old Bluecoat School, in Newgate Street, pieces of the Roman wall, the existence of which was well known, were laid bare by the excavators. The wall, which ran along the west end of the Grey Friars' Cloister, was about ten feet high. The masonry, which consisted of six courses, was in an excellent state of preservation. Close by there formerly stood an archway, known as the New Gate, which spanned a narrow lane where a broad and level thoroughfare now runs. The New Gate was the fifth of the great gates of London, and was so called, as Stow records, from its having been "latlier built than the rest."

What are bacteria? What is an antiseptic?

By PROFESSOR STANLEY KENT, M.A.

Director of the Clinical and Bacteriological Research Laboratory, University College, Bristol.

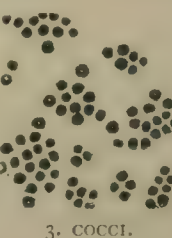
The vaguest and drollest notions about these subjects are current amongst the public at large. Some people imagine that in the air of towns millions and millions of infectious germs swim about, only waiting for some man to inhale them that they may devour him like a delicacy. Others are completely incredulous, paying no attention at all to this "latest scientific notion," for which reason they neglect the commonest rules of hygienic precaution. The truth lies, of course, somewhere in the middle. It has been indisputably demonstrated that a very large number of human maladies, and in particular some of the most dangerous (Consumption, Typhoid, Cholera, the Plague, Diphtheria, and others), are occasioned by these micro-organisms. For this reason it is desirable for everyone who desires to live long and in good health to see what his dealings with these enemies of mankind are, and how he can best arm himself against them. To encourage people to do this is the aim of these lines. The name bacteria, though commonly used for all kinds of microbes or micro-organisms, properly belongs to a certain class of these microscopic organisms, scientifically known as schizomycetes.



As the Illustrations show, microbes have very different forms. Those which have the shape of short, thick little sticks are called Bacteria (1). Others, longer, and of more slender shape, are named Bacilli (2). Cocci have the shape of bullets (3). Spirochaetae are long and twisted, like corkscrews (4). Vibriones and Spirilla have a spiral form (5). The hair-like appendages which microbes use as oars are called Cilia (6).

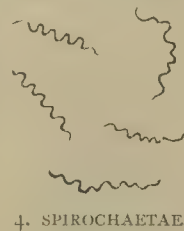


The multiplication of microbes takes place in this way; as soon as the micro-organism has attained a certain size, it divides into two. The two new organisms are either free, or remain near together in some particular pattern, so that colonies, and patches, or groups result. Among the Cocci we distinguish groups shaped like a bunch of grapes, Spherylococci (3); groups in chains, Streptococci (7); groups in pairs, Diplococci (8); and groups like a bundle, Sarcinae (9).



We know that microbes, and more particularly pathogenous microbes (those that cause infection), require for their nourishment damp animal or vegetable products. None of them can live on air; they are very sensitive to cold; cleanliness is an abomination to them; warmth (particularly the temperature of the blood which they find in the mouth, 98.4° Fahrenheit) is their element, and the mouth their favourite dwelling place. It is unfortunate

that these facts are so little realised by the public. Were they duly appreciated, how much ill-health might be avoided! If the mouth and teeth do not receive proper care, they provide a fertile ground for the growth of microbes, in which whole generations of them are produced and flourish. Here they settle permanently in diseased gums and in the diseased dental substance of decayed teeth, whence they proceed into the cranial cavities, into the inner ear and the salivary glands, into the lungs, and even into the blood and the vascular system.



The transference of pathogenous microbes usually takes place directly from one individual to another, and in most cases in small portions of saliva, which in coughing, sneezing, spitting, or even during speaking, are scattered in the surrounding air, and then subsequently brought into direct contact with the mucous membrane of the mouths or of the nasal ducts of others. Amongst diseases which are spread by the distribution of saliva we must assign the first place to Influenza, Diphtheria, Inflammation of the Lungs, Tuberculosis, Leprosy, and the Plague, to which we may probably add Scarlet Fever and Measles. Infectious saliva of this kind must be expected from impure and uncared-for mouths. In fact, every man who does not practise scrupulous cleanliness—this can never be too often repeated—is an El-Dorado for microbes, an ideal incubator of all kinds of organisms. His mouth provides everything which specialists who breed microbes for scientific experiments aim at artificially procuring in their incubators. Here is the moisture, here are the organic substances, small fragments of food, which serve to nourish microbes; here is the ideal temperature of 98.4 Fahrenheit. It is to be regretted that neither laws nor morals forbid impurity of the mouth in the interests of public health. Perhaps we shall some day come to that. In the meantime it is a safe rule for self-preservation *not to come within three steps of a man who has an impure mouth.*



5. VIBRIONES AND SPIRILLA.

It must be admitted that this is not always possible, and for that reason we must arm ourselves against the inevitable microbe as well as we can. To do this is in one way simple, because, except in the case of wounds, there is only one principal entrance into the body—that of the mouth and the pharynx. *We must therefore so prepare our mouths that the microbes may not be able to flourish in them.*



6. CILIA.

This can be effected only by destroying in the mouth the nutritive substances on which they live, and so starving them to death. This is called antiseptic treatment, and the substances used for this purpose are named antiseptics.

Many germs, and especially those which destroy the teeth, flourish only upon fragments of food, and furnish the acids in the mouth which are so deleterious to the teeth. Other injurious microbes, and amongst them those especially which occasion the most dangerous diseases, attach themselves particularly to the excretions of the mucous membrane (the mucous membrane is constantly throwing off dead epithelial cells, which form mucous deposits in the mouth). For this reason it is absolutely necessary that remains of food and the excretions of the mucous membrane should be removed by brushing and rinsing. *But most important of all are regular antiseptic rinsings of the mouth and teeth.* Hollow teeth must, of course, be stopped by the dentist.



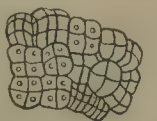
7. STREPTOCOCCI.

The general neglect of antiseptic treatment of the mouth seems incredible when we consider how long all these facts have been known. It is impossible to point out too often that the mouth should be at least twice or thrice daily rinsed with an antiseptic mouth-wash. *This daily antiseptic cleansing is by far more important than regular washing of the hands and face.* The new liquid dentifrice, Odol, has been demonstrated to be the best of



8. DIPLOCOCCI.

antiseptic mouth-washes, as has been acknowledged by the greatest specialists. It is important that the teeth should be daily attended to regularly with an antiseptic fluid. The ordinary cleansing with tooth-powder or tooth-paste fails to accomplish its end, as the most dangerous foci of decomposition, the backs of the molars and hollow teeth, remain uncleansed. Odol has been proved to have an absolutely certain antiseptic effect. It cleanses the mouth and teeth perfectly from all products of decomposition. Rinsing the mouth with Odol is performed in the following manner: First of all, a mouthful of Odol-water is held in the mouth for two or three minutes so that the Odol antiseptic may be everywhere well absorbed; a second mouthful is used to rinse the whole mouth, being driven energetically backwards and forwards through the teeth; and the whole process is concluded with gargling. The whole process is described as *odolizing* the mouth. Everyone who regularly odolizes the mouth in the morning, at noon, and in the evening is absolutely secured against all fermentation processes.



9. SARCINAE.

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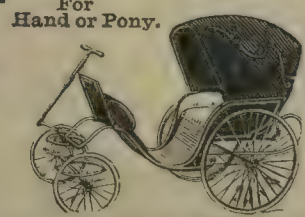
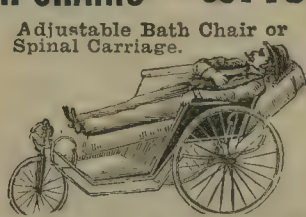
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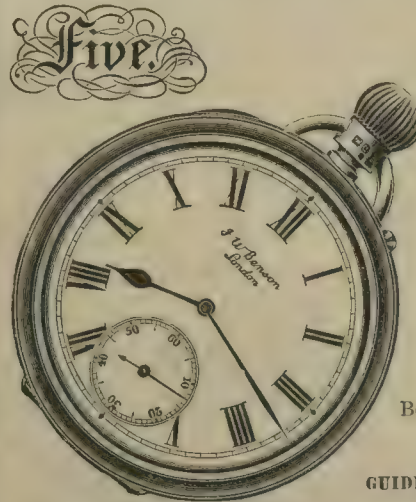
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MUSIC.

The Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall are drawing overflowing audiences, and are immensely appreciated, in spite of the way Mr. Henry Wood is handicapped by the exodus from his orchestra of many of the executants, who are attending musical festivals. On Tuesday, Oct. 7, he had twenty-nine deputies; Miss Ethel Smyth's "Der Wald" was drawn upon for its dances, which were singularly beautiful and full of merit, though not so dramatic in a concert-room as on the operatic stage. Mr. Henry Wood is full of enterprise, and during this present week many novelties have been introduced. On Wednesday, Oct. 15, was heard for the first time in London the third pianoforte concerto of Tchaikowsky, Miss Evelyn Stuart, who is a very fine and highly trained pianist, being entrusted with the solo part. Tchaikowsky's overture and dance from "Der Opritschnik" were performed for the first time on that evening. On Thursday a first performance was given in England of Stecherbatcheff's "Tableau Pastorale" and his "Scherzino." On Saturday, Oct. 18, the ballet music of César

Franck's "Hulda" will be given, and the pianoforte concerto of Sinding, Mdle. Tosta de Benici playing the solo part.

At the beginning of the autumn musical season there are two welcome innovations at the St. James's Hall. One is the increased ventilation, that will, it is believed, free it from the heavy miasmatic atmosphere that rendered the most enthusiastic audience drowsy and inert; and the other is a time-limit of one hour and three-quarters to the Saturday Popular Concerts. Two hours for serious music should be the limit of a concert-programme, unless there are long intervals, as in the opera. To give more is to run the risk of tiring out the executants and overtaxing the nerves of the audience; for once let the auditory nerve become unduly excited or exhausted, and general physical and mental irritability soon follows.

The Cardiff Musical Festival deserves special notice for its introduction of the oratorio of César Franck, "The Beatitudes," a work almost unknown to England. This was his third oratorio, "Ruth" and "The Redemption" having preceded it. César Franck has been rather caviare to the general, nor can his supporters prove that his melody in any way balances his fine form

of composition. He is severe and difficult, and a liking for his music is distinctly an acquired taste. "The Beatitudes," after a brief Prologue, devotes itself to the Eight Beatitudes as eight different themes, which are worked out in eight sections. The book is written by Lady Colomb, and it seems a pity to give to Christ Himself paraphrases of His own words. Thus, "Blessed are the poor in spirit" is illustrated by "Blessed is he who from earth's dreams awaking turns his heart from worldly pride." However, the work as a whole is inspiring, and has some very beautiful choir celestial passages. It would gain considerably by being heard a second or third time. The choir had a very difficult task to carry out, and on the whole they succeeded admirably. The soloists were all excellent. Miss Muriel Foster was especially dramatic in her solo of the Virgin Mary, in which the defeat of Satan is foretold. Mr. Ffranggon Davies sang the words set down to Christ with reverence and great refinement; Mr. Ben Davies and Miss Maggie Davies did excellent work. The largest audience of the Festival assembled in the evening to hear the overture and the second and third acts from the "Flying Dutchman" sung in their entirety. Madame Ella Russell, and Messrs. Ben Davies, Ivor Foster, Ffranggon Davies, and Gwilym Richards were the soloists.

M. I. H.



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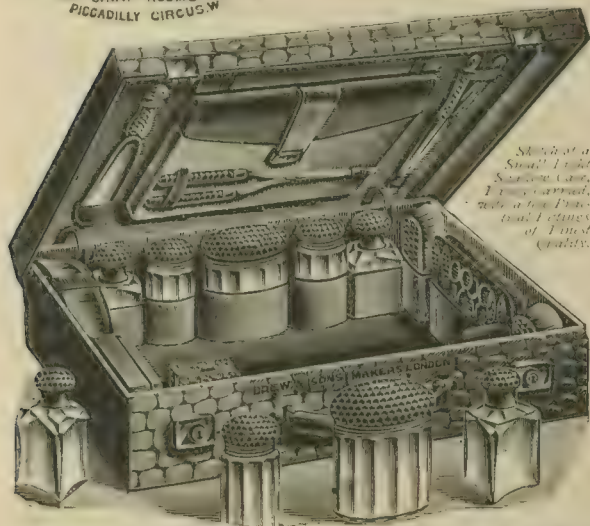
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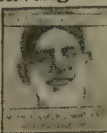
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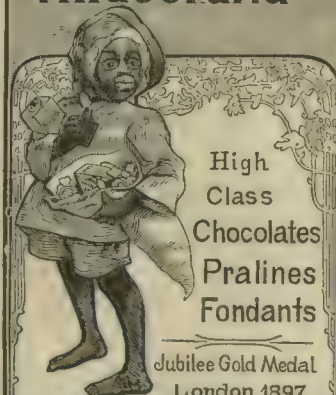
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE DRAMA IN THE SUBURBS.

Melodrama and the musical play divide, as usual, this week the attention of patrons of the outlying theatres. The former unsophisticated class of entertainment is to be found at Fulham, Islington, Stratford, Brixton, and is represented respectively by "The Silver King," "One of the Best," "Arizona," and "Hearts are Trumps," all well-liked and tear-compelling favourites. To a lower grade of the same category belongs the one suburban novelty of the week, a drama staged at the Surrey, which works a characteristically transpontine story round a "London Fireman." At all the other important playhouses of Outer London, save at the Crown, Peckham,

where Mrs. Langtry is appearing in "Mademoiselle Mars," the musical piece in various forms is predominant. Thus "San Toy," at Stoke Newington, and "The Belle of Cairo," at the Metropole, are maintaining the vogue of musical farce; the popular opéra-bouffe, "La Poupée," is staged at Camden Town; and the D'Oyley Carte Company is offering at the Coronet a Gilbert and Sullivan repertory. But the most ambitious engagement of the week is that made at the Kennington Theatre, where the entire Savoy cast, with all the original effects and at half West-End prices, is presenting the refined and delightful comic opera of "Merrie England."

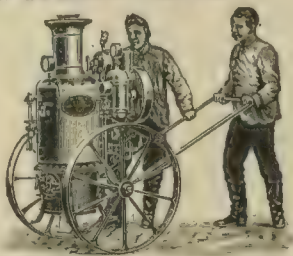
THE COVENT GARDEN BALL.

The first fancy-dress ball of the season took place at Covent Garden Theatre last Friday, Oct. 10, and

everyone present was loud in praise of Messrs. Rendle and Forsyth's beautiful new decorations, done in the Far Eastern style. Confronted as they entered by the vast figure of a Japanese god, visitors and dancers found stretching around them Mr. Bruce Smith's admirably painted panorama of Japanese gardens. They were attended by pretty geisha waitresses; they had their steps lighted by innumerable Japanese lanterns; they heard their music issuing from Japanese bandstands. Showing up happily against this picturesque setting was the usual abundance of dainty, comical, and striking costume (Mr. Clarkson this time carried off most of the honours for designs), as well as a large crowd of unambitiously dressed merry-makers. The date of the next dance is fixed for Oct. 24.

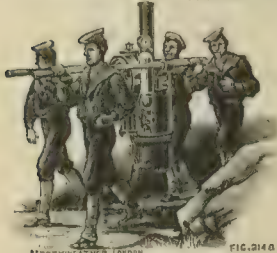
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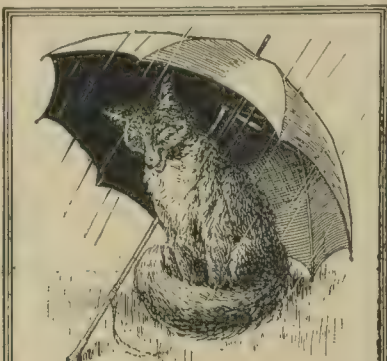
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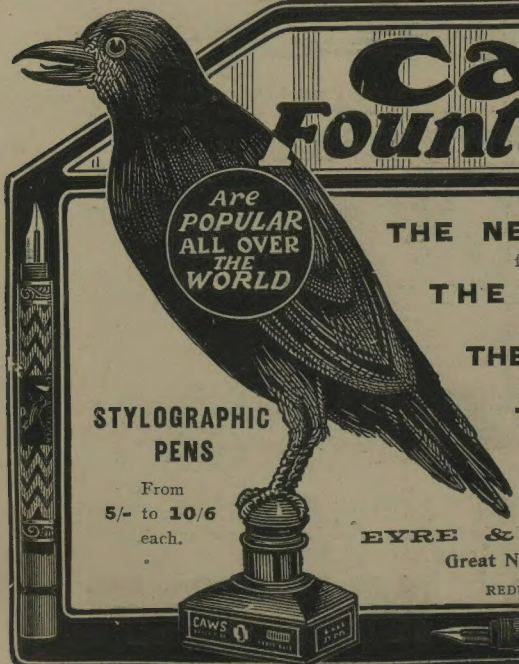
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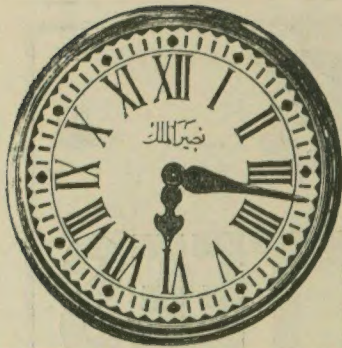
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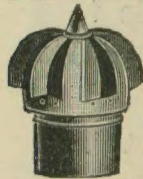
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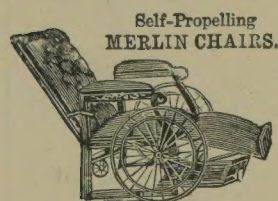
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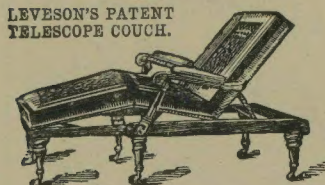
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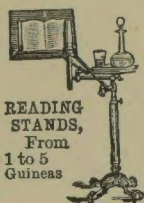


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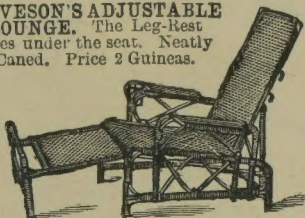
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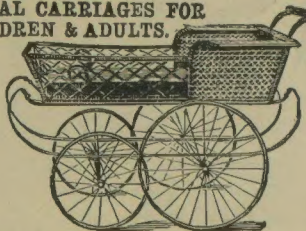


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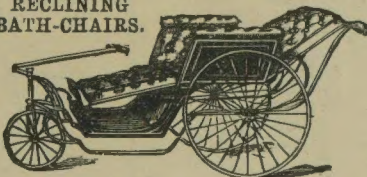
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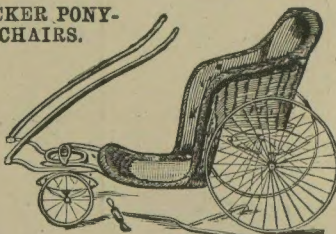
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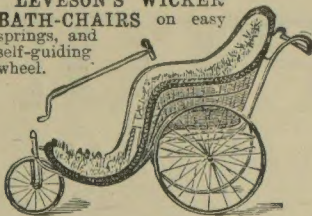
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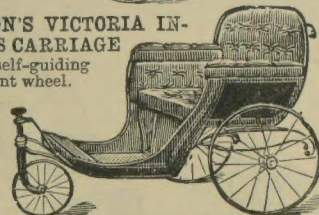
WICKER PONY-CHAIRS.



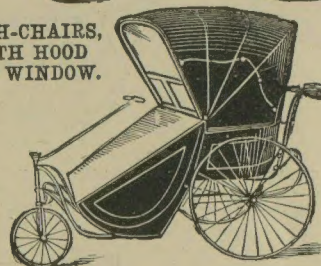
LEVESON'S WICKER BATH-CHAIRS on easy springs, and self-guiding wheel.



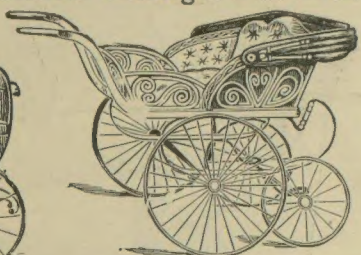
LEVESON'S VICTORIA INVALID'S CARRIAGE with self-guiding front wheel.



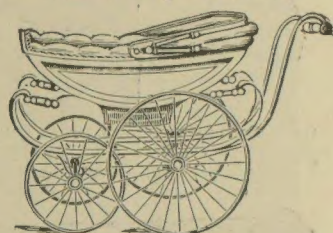
BATH-CHAIRS, WITH HOOD AND WINDOW.



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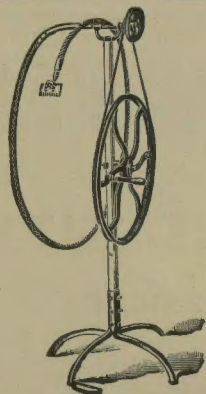


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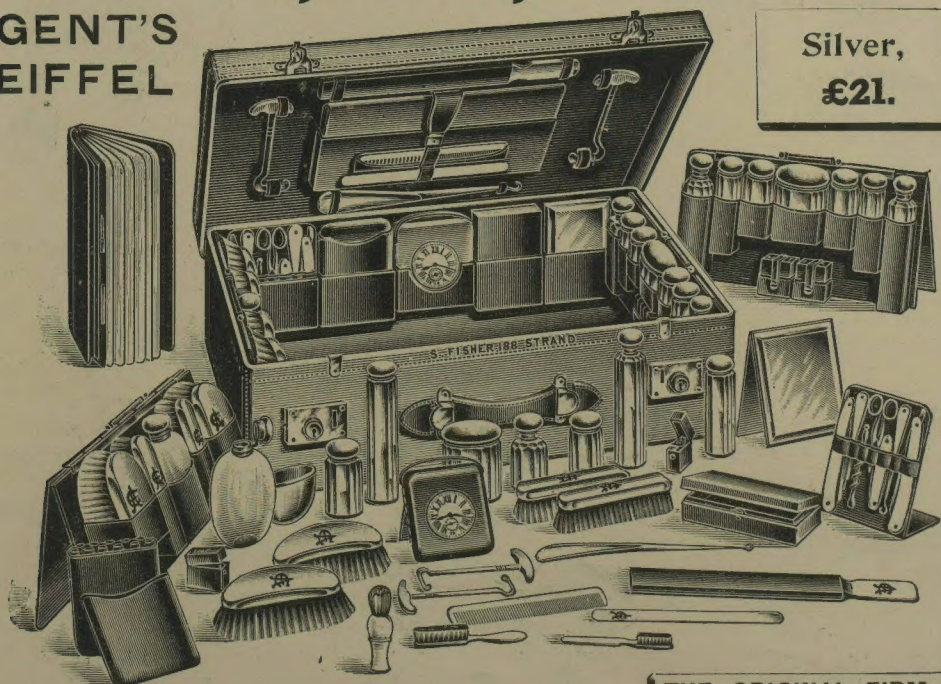
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GENT'S
EIFFEL

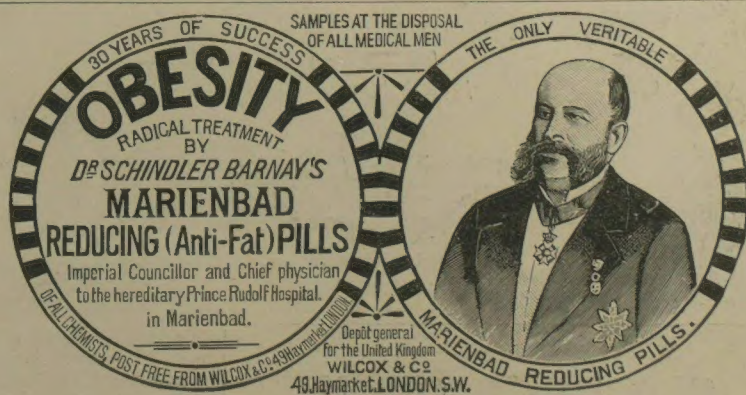
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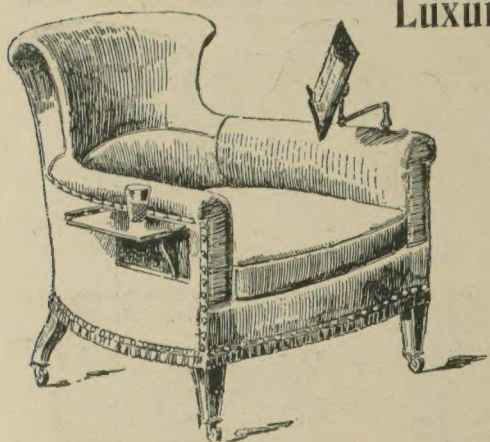
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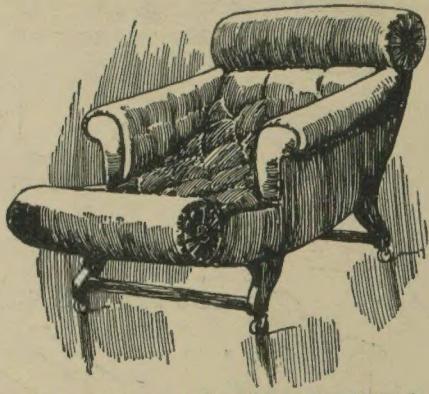


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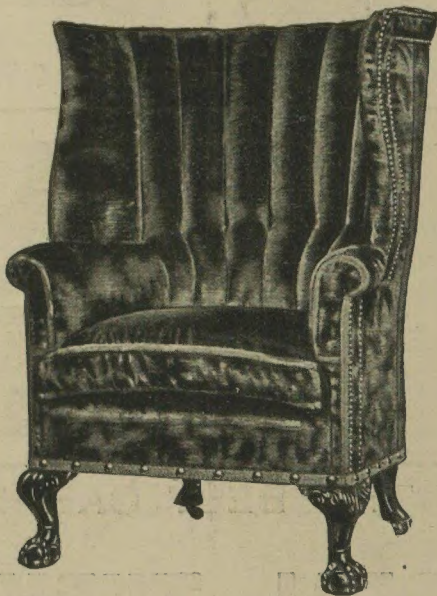
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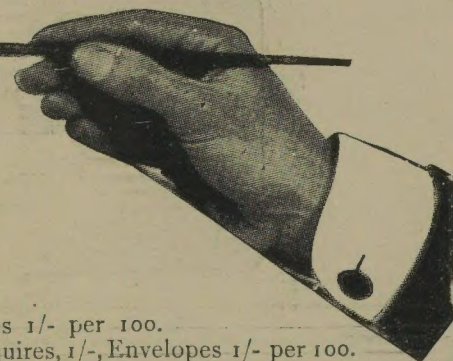


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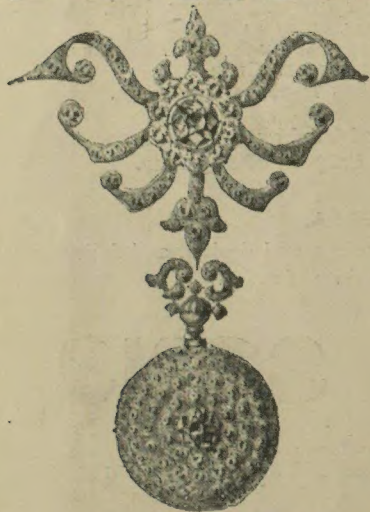
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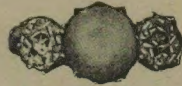
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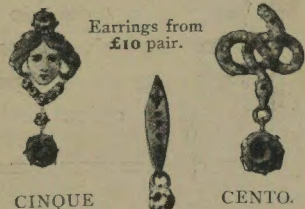
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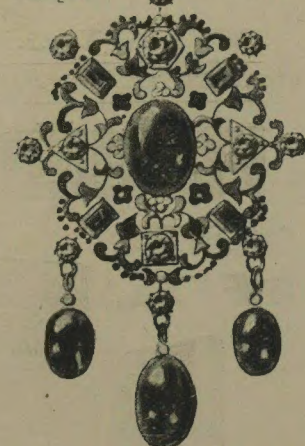
Fine Brilliant Brooch.



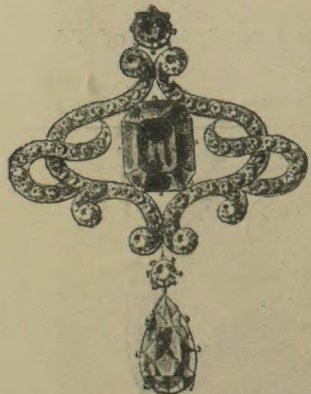
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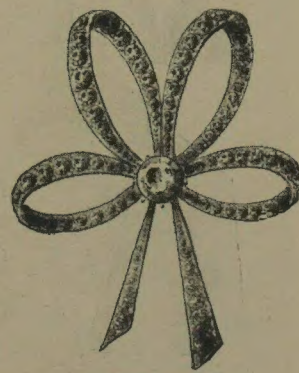
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